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## POOR BRIDGET:

OR

### The Narrative of an Emigrant Family.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

MAY DAY IN NEW-YORK.

When Alexander had conquered the world, he wept for another world to conquer. Our highly worthy and notable Dutch predecessors, behaved more like reasonable beings and less like spoiled children, than that spoiled child of fortune, Alexander of Macedon, whom men call Great. When the good vrows of New Amsterdam had scrubbed the whole interior of a house, when they had even deluged the tiles of the roof and mopped the little Dutch bricks in the chimney; when they had even taken up the floor, and taken off the casings of the doors to scour the wood on the other side, they did not weep for more scouring to do, but set about finding it—an easier task, by the way, than for Alexander to enter as conqueror into another world. He went to one—it is true—but Alexander was ferried over Styx by Charon, with as little ceremony as the meanest of his soldiers. There is not room in his boat for earthly honors—no, not even a title!

Woman's work, they say, in these degenerate days, is never done—and we believe it—but it is because women will not emulate the good example of the daughters of New Amsterdam. It is not because woman's work cannot be done that it is not done—but because woman will not do it. The oldest descendant of the Dutch dynasty; whose memory (it must be a woman) will carry her back into the halcyon days of soap and sand in Manhattan, will tell you that woman's work in those good old times was finished just once in every year, upon the thirtieth day of April. From the first of May, when she entered her residence, by the terms of the leases then and now used, to the last of the next April, was required to "clean up" and make a house habitable. Some people in these degenerate times, might fancy that, so much being accomplished, the next thing in order was to sit down and inhabit the domicile thus redeem-

ed. So might a modern statesman think that, a kingdom being once conquered, the next duty was to govern and enjoy it. Alexander, however, had no such effeminate ideas. Nor had the Dutch housewives.

Alexander could only weep—and move courtiers by a monarch's tears. Women can move themselves, and never shed a tear, while they turn their husbands into pack-horses, and turn the city upside down. Hence came the custom of shifting residences, punctually upon the first day of May, annually. The women "cleaned out" every corner, cranny and nook of their premises, and wound up by clearing themselves out. Alas that they have not handed down, with the custom of moving, the custom of cleaning also. The family who enter a new place of abode now, find it empty indeed, but far from being swept, and still farther from being garnished. The order is now reversed. The struggle is to defile premises as much as may possibly be done in a twelvemonth, and when the force of sluttishness can no farther go in a house, to go out of it, and enter another.

Rare is the outside aspect of things on moving day, and full of fun—but there are depths and passages of woe under it. The grinning face of the idiot mocks the mental vacuity, or the inside sorrow beneath—the out-door aspect of life is the low comedy accompaniment of a deeper than scenic tragedy, because it is more simple and more natural, and because it is real. The landlord who is most hard hearted can oftentimes do no more than deny a new lease to his poor tenant. To throw him out in the middle of a quarter were but to take cruel trouble without any gain. To let the house over his head is to place the disagreeable duty of expulsion with parties who feel no compunction in executing it, because they have no agency in causing the grief of those, in creating whose distress they are but mechanical and always unwilling agents.

Upon the first day of May, 1810, a poor widow and her little daughter left the home which had been theirs for many years—the mother with many a sigh—the daughter with no emotions but those of childish curiosity and wonder. How should a child of six years think? And yet the girl was sad, for her mother wept; and in no land beneath the sun are found finer feelings, closer family attachments, deeper love of kindred, than in the green Isle of the Ocean.

Her children carry with them, the world over, those sentiments—they are the missionaries of natural religion among more artificial, and therefore less affectionate, communities. Where they huddle together in the densest, dirtiest streets of overgrown cities, they form oases in the selfish deserts. They may be poor, they may be ragged, they may be peculiarly wretched, but their hearts are rich in natural affection, whole in attachment to their firesides, happy in content, while they are but spared to enjoy grief together.

And why should the mother weep to leave that house? Was it because she was wed in it—because the vows plighted on the banks of the Shannon were redeemed beneath the sinking roof of that old building? Was it because her child was born there? There, too, her husband sickened and died; and there, for many weary months since, she had starved. From those doors she had seen her little all of household wealth wrested by the landlord's warrant; and the simple chattels which were to her valuable as so many monuments of the departed, conveyed away to form the subjects of heartless joking and ribaldry at a street auction. But they could not carry the house away. They could not tear from her, while a tenant, the corner where his last breath was exhaled. They could not shut out from her eyes the light of heaven which entered at the little window to light up the last smile on *his* face, as he received the last rites of religion, and the last offices of conjugal affection. They could not deprive the dull apartment of its associations. They could not make the wall or the floor less a record of the gambols of her child, at which, with its father, she had raised the shout of surprise, the laugh of pleasure, or the scream of affright. The house was part of her husband's memory; and they could not then tear it from her. But the annual period of removal had come round, and they had driven her from it. She wandered listlessly hand in hand with her child, the child the guide of the parent, for the latter was blind with grief. Worn and exhausted, the two sat down on a marble step. Sleep stole over the senses of the child—the mother sat and *seemed* to watch the bustle about her. But her mind was dead and her stare was vacant—so much so that until she was reminded by the rather rude touch of a porter that the palace was about to receive an occupant, she had forgotten that her palace, the hovel she had left, to her was desolate. She drew her still sleeping child from the steps, and moved on with the air of one who was hunted from every covert, and who could hope no more for rest for the sole of her foot.

The new tenant of the house was charitable and a municipal officer—that sentence in liberal New York does not always involve a paradox. He asked her name and story, heard it in brief, gave her an order on the almshouse commissioners, for present relief, and proceeded to oversee the handling of furniture, the price of almost any one article of which would have been to the widow a fortune. The rich, who fear not the possibility of going to the almshouse themselves, esteem it a very tolerable place. The poor who may be consigned to it on any morrow, shudder at the mention of it. The mother placed her child upon the door stone of a less magnificent house, and charging her not to move till she returned, went first to see what manner of place the almshouse was, before she would trust herself with her child within its walls. For her own egress she did not fear, should she not

desire to stay—but her child—they might wrest the child from her, and then indeed she would be desolate.

Change we the scene. James Carleton too was an emigrant, but he was hale in body, and unbroken in mind. He had been so long in the land, that, so far as an Irishman's thoughts can be, his were weaned from the land of his birth. He had married in the country of his adoption, and if fortune had not showered upon him blessings above the common lot, she had withheld extraordinary misfortunes also. He once had a sister—that sister was dead—but as all must die, *his* heart had become reconciled to the deprivation, and the wife of his bosom had brought him children to fill her place. His world was in his household; and the crowded city, with its envies, its jealousies, its vices, and its temptations, Carleton thought was no place to rear his family. His little property was converted to cash—the few moveables which he would take were packed in the wagon, which in those ante-railroad and steamboat times, removed the emigrant hundreds, aye, thousands of miles. To-morrow he was to depart—and it cost him no pang. The night was to be spent with his family at the house of a friend.

The day he spent in walking about, and looking with feelings of gratification at his deliverance from the scene of confusion which met the eye upon all hands. Fervently did he congratulate himself—for the best of us are selfish—that all this shouting, and crowding, and altercation, was nothing to him. Imagination contrasted it all with the quiet of the fields where he was to sit down and watch the development of the character and intellect of his children. The future seemed Heaven to him—the present was a hell in which he had no share.

Suddenly there was a shout. The multitude, various as had been the destinations of its individuals, turned their heads with one accord toward the point where it was heard. In another instant all who were not absolutely detained elsewhere, turned their feet thither also, and Carleton was borne, with the crowd, toward the spot where a heavily laden car had thrown down and killed a poor woman. When he reached the spot, the position of the body precluded a view of her face. A man was releasing from her death grasp a bit of paper, and when he had disengaged it, he placed it in Carleton's hand, while he still supported the body. Carleton read:

"Admit Bridget McCann and her child to the alms house."

"Is she quite dead?" he asked.

This was answered in the affirmative, and, sensible he could do no good, and fearful of being detained from his journey, as a witness, he turned away hastily. He was faint, too—for James Carleton made no boast of manhood which could enable him to look unemployed and unmoved upon such a spectacle. Had he been actively engaged in assisting the sufferer he could have remained, and would not have suffered his sensibility to interfere with his humanity. But she was past the need of assistance, and there were enough others to attend to the respect due the dead. As he passed down the street, again he thanked God that the morrow would witness his departure from the city and its scenes.

A sadder man than when he commenced his stroll, Carleton turned his steps homeward. Homeward? Aye, 'tis



home where'er the heart is," and he hasted to rejoin his wife and children. How natural it is, when one sees a calamity overtake a person in whom he has no interest, for his heart to leap toward his own, and his steps to hurry him to the assurance that they are safe. No matter whether or not there be any possible chance that the same misfortune may have overtaken them; the imagination, like the senses, is quickened by pain; and years of fancied grief may pass in one short hour's suspense.

Carleton thought to rub his feet upon a mat at the door, in the deep shadow thrown by the street lamps—but a living thing shrunk from his touch. He took the light from the servant's hand, and there on the cold stone slept a beautiful child. Her negligent drapery showed a fair skin that ill comported with her mean, though tidy dress, and her little round arm seemed to shiver in the night air as he examined it. An anxious expression sat upon her expressive countenance even in sleep. Carleton raised her up. As he did so, her blue eyes opened upon him with delighted affection—but in an instant their language changed to deep disappointment. "Why do you wait here, child?" he asked her.

"I'm waiting for my mother."

"Who is your mother?"

The child only stared as if she could not comprehend why any one should ask that question. Carleton asked again, "What is your mother's name?" Still the child did not answer. It was a question she had never heard before. The servant girl, with a woman's ready wit, then asked:

"What is *your* name, sis?"

"Bridget McCann."

"And where do you live?"

"No where yet. *We're moved.*"

"And where is your mother?"

"I don't know. She told me to wait for her."

Carleton remembered now—and shuddered. He led the child in, and as she walked down the kitchen stairs with the servant, he wondered who should break to the orphan the awful news—how she could be made to understand it—and whether it was necessary thus to afflict her. Poor BRIDGET!

Had it been as easy to put Bridget in the Alms House, as to put her to bed, the order for her admission which Carleton still held, would have been used that evening. But the child could not travel there alone, and no one felt the necessity of going with her, while there was room in the house for the orphan's head to rest. The family heard her story, or rather the story of her mother's death from Carleton, and all adjourned to the kitchen to see the hungry child eat. The looks of deep compassion needed no interpretation to Bridget—she saw they were all kind, and fancied that all the women might be mothers, all the girls sisters, the men fathers, and the boys brothers. She longed for her mother to come and see how happy she was—she wondered that her mother did not come.

As Bridget, for the twentieth time, said "mother told me she would come here, if I would wait," the newspaper reporter wrote, at the end of his report of the inquest, "The body will be placed in the dead house for recognition."

## CHAPTER II.

## WESTWARD HO!

Carleton had sons, but no daughters. Up to this moment he had not thought of a daughter's love. The heavily laden wagon stood at the door. The mother and the children were lifted into it. The dog barked impatiently, and Carleton was just ready to seat himself beside his family. Bridget's little face peeped from an upper window—in an instant she was down beside the emigrant. As he prepared to mount, she stole up unperceived, and touched his elbow. "Will you take me to my mother?"

Carleton looked at the child—at his wife—at the still vacant nook in the wagon. It was an impulse—but it was mutual on the part of husband and wife. God directs our impulses for good. The father placed Bridget in the wagon—the mother eked out her scanty covering with her own cloak. The family took the child as a blessing—for it is not the rich who do the acts of truest benevolence. Long before the wagon wheels had ceased jolting upon the pavement, Bridget was asleep. Like a bird, exiled from the parent nest, she clung to the first protector, and while she slept, dreamed of her mother.

Night fell upon the travellers, and being yet within the bounds of the older settlements, they sought the shelter of a village inn. Night fell upon the city. The day designated for recognition of the mother's corse had passed, and no one claimed it. Bridget fell asleep, and as her mother by adoption took leave of her with a kiss, the mercenary hireling drove the last contract nail in her own mother's rude coffin. Day broke upon Bridget, and as she was lifted into the emigrant wagon, the body of her mother was pushed upon the hearse. And when Bridget again sought her pillow for the night, again to dream of the mother, of whom her occupation in the day time scarce left her time to think, a tier of coffins had been piled upon the remains of her parent in POTTERS' FIELD. Quick lime was strown between each, and over the highest a scanty foot of earth. Little coffins, with children like Bridget, and younger, filled the chinks of the aceldema, and the wealth of Indies could not, in a few short days, have designated the coffin of Bridget's mother from among the rest.

Happy child! She knew nothing of all this, nor could she have known. As day and day rose and wore over her, the memory of her parent grew less and less distinct. As night after night fell, the mother still visited the orphan child in dreams. At first the anxious and care-worn visage of the parent presented itself at Bridget's bedside, and offered the self-denying crust. Children's dreams are beyond their years. Their visions are as old as those of adults; but the infant vocabulary furnishes no words with which the child may communicate to its seniors the story of the night. Angels hover over and hold communion with children in the still watches; and when they would tell us of it we *laugh at them!* Nightly to the bedside of her child came the mother's spirit. At first Bridget's vivid recollection of distress invested the phantom with the look of kind self-denial. But Bridget knew want no more, and the memory of want soon faded from her dreams. Happy herself, her mother's face beamed with happiness, as the visions of the child took color from her daily experience; and a short time sufficed

to make her dreams a repetition of the day's delight. By day and night the child, as she was sensible of happiness, in some indefinable way attributed it to her mother. That mother became a mental abstraction, whose visible representatives were the kind family with whom she journeyed.

The path of the emigrant is not now over flowers. Much less was it so at the time of which we write. Not even the facilities of the canals, with their now accounted snail-like progress, helped the emigrant. Ohio was the *ultima thule*, and the road to the then "far west" had to be won in many stages with the axe. As is now the case at the extreme borders of emigration, the traveller carried his own hostelry with him. The camp fire supplied the means of preparing food; the rifle during the day provided the substantials of the evening repast, the cover of the wagon protected the traveller from the dews of heaven, while the carefully nursed fire kept the beasts of the forest aloof. Points which we now reach in hours, it then required days to attain, and a day's journey now, then occupied weeks.

The pace of the emigrant was little beyond a walk, as, indeed, the able bodied of emigrant parties did walk, leaving to children and women, the carefully husbanded assistance of the beast of burthen.\* But the men who carved out their fortunes under such laborious conditions, while they won competence, acquired habits of bodily hardihood, and mental strength, which fitted them to be fathers of the West, and founders of nations. They have given to their children a rich inheritance—not merely a pecuniary independence, but a personal character, which fits them to be, as they are rapidly becoming, the arbiters of this great nation. The young lion of the West even now holds in awe the enervated Atlantic. The West must be our master—and it will be at once mighty in power, and magnanimous in its exercise. Those who confine themselves to the seaboard know as little of the republic, as he knows of a man who limits himself to an observation of the toilet, without a thought upon the mind. The soul of the Union, it will shortly be found, is seated beyond the Alleghanies.

The weary road occupied many weeks before the journey was accomplished. Daily little Bridget entwined herself more and more closely about the hearts of her benefactors, until the relation in which they stood to each other was forgotten. Bridget was no longer the stranger whom they had taken in charity, but had become a dearly beloved member of the little circle. The mother's wardrobe aided her scanty equipment in some measure; and where the inconveniences of the journey prevented the adaptation of garments too uselessly large, the trunk which contained the apparel of the boys was unhesitatingly drawn upon. Bridget looked as lovely in a jacket as the best of them, and the loss of one of her shoes from the wagon as she slept, was promptly remedied with a pair of little John's half boots. It is a picnic and happy life with all its inconveniences, that of the emigrant: and the absence of the restraints of conventional forms, the ready glee with which odd expedients are adopted, and the echo of the unrestrained laugh in the forest make the traveller cease to regret, if he does not cease to remember, the inconveniences of his late residence in the crowded town.

So passed the journey; and the only regret which Bridget occasioned to her worthy guardian, was when the pas-

sing stranger whom he encountered, complimented him on the unstudied beauty and rosy health of his daughter. He would sigh that the presumption was incorrect, but he never took the trouble to contradict it. He was willing, if possible, to deceive himself, and he earnestly desired that Bridget might cease to remember any other father than himself, any other mother than his wife. The boys had already adopted her as a sister, and the delusion grew daily more strong, as they had learned to discover from frequent allusion to the fact by others, that "Bridget looked the image of her father."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A NEW HOME—A FUNERAL—A WEDDING—AND A BIRTH.

We must take the convenient liberty of story tellers, to shake Old Time's glass, and hurry the sand through faster than its wont; or, to take the still ruder liberty of forgetting him altogether for a few years. The Carleton family had been some ten years "settled." Where they pitched their tent, the log house had succeeded the impromptu cabin. The clearing which was at first a narrow enclosure, had spread to a wide farm. The log house had given way to a small frame, with the luxury of glass windows and a brick chimney. Neighbors had sat down near them, and the "smokes" of several habitations could be discerned from the hardy settler's door.

Time and space would fail us to describe all the stages of life in the West, from the selection of a site for the house, down to the "harvest home" of the cultivated crops. Nor would it be less than presumption in us to attempt a theme in its details, which has been so much better handled by those who, if not "to the manor born," have "to the manor" emigrated. The toil necessary to reduce the desert of spontaneous but useless luxuriance to the plenty-bearing acres of a well stocked and tilled farm, told as sensibly and as happily upon the farmers as upon the soil. The father appeared to have taken a new lease of life. His step was more manly, and his frame more vigorous than when, ten years before, we accompanied him from the city. The two boys had grown up into fine stalwart young men—and Bridget—what shall we say of her?

If James Carleton was proud of his adopted daughter while she was yet a child, what shall we say of the gratification of his honest heart, as he looked upon the maiden of sixteen? She had become, under his guiding care, and under the practical teachings of life in the West, a woman, while yet a child. Far removed from the arbitrary laws of society, which do but make sins of trifles harmless in themselves, by prohibition; Bridget's innate modesty, native purity, and strong good sense, formed her manual of morals and of manners. She instinctively avoided what her heart told her was wrong; she instinctively followed what that heart told her was right. Her delicacy was guided by the maxim "avoid every appearance of evil," and her innocence prevented her investing any thing good with an evil appearance. She had no world-hackneyed associations to lead her to put an extrinsic color of impropriety on what is intrinsically proper and right.

Her "politeness" was sincere, and had its beginning and end in the *golden rule*, to deal by others as she would be dealt by. Still Bridget was mortal, and of course far from



perfect; but as far as native grace and loveliness can throw a veil over imperfections, were her faults naturally, and without effort, thus concealed. While Carleton watched her, his thoughts involuntarily strayed back to the home of his childhood, beyond the far wide ocean—for what his sister was to him in his youth, was Bridget becoming to him in his riper years. She was even dearer—and he sometimes thought that he could see in her countenance positive lines of resemblance to the playmate of his childhood. But as he had no friend, who having seen both, could unite with him in drawing the parallel, he had no one but himself to convince of the resemblance; and a man's own heart is not hard of belief in that to which he would persuade it. When therefore he called "Bridget!" and her cheerful voice answered, it was happiness to him to recognise in the tones of her who answered to his departed sister's name, a resemblance to her voice.

It was happiness, too, to be carried, by her elastic step back to the time when his sister bounded to meet him, and to read in her mild blue eyes the same confiding affection which united the brother and sister of years gone by. This sister was in Heaven—he rejoiced for her there—he rejoiced in her upon earth—for "Poor Bridget," as he once called his protegee, was to him in his manhood, all that his own sister had been in his infancy.

And Mrs. Carleton loved Bridget, too, with an affection as deep and sincere, if not as poetical, as her husband's. But the matron's attachment to Bridget had yet another motive—gratitude. Happiness unalloyed is no man's continued earthly lot. The emigrant who moves to the freedom and plenty of the "new country," from the restrictions and labor of the old, is taught, in God's unerring Providence, that though he may seem to have conquered a new world for himself, an overruling Power is still present, and that in his hands are the issues of life.

Woman, in the sphere for which she was born, has more endurance than man. But man is more elastic, his mind is more active, and his frame better adapted to support change. Hence, while we find that removal to the West is often the apparent purchase of longevity to the man, to the matron it brings weakness, and often premature death. Could Carleton have seen the wife that he married, and the wife who presided over his plain table in Ohio, placed side by side, the strong contrast between the blooming health of the one, and the waning pallor of the other, would have shocked him at once, and ineffaceably.

But the change had been gradual, and therefore imperceptible. As day fades into night through the long summer twilight, we cannot mark any point of time at which darkness increases. One shadow prepares the way for the next, and thus, when night has indeed fallen, we are as much taken by surprise as if the light were shut from us at mid day. Glorious as the setting of a summer sun were the parting days of Mrs. Carleton. Mild as the reflection of the departing light were the evidences of her virtue, and the exercises of her kindness. Calmly as the sun sinks to rest did she, step by step, yield her hold upon life—and sudden as night falls to a contemplative mind did the conviction of her sickness unto death fall upon Carleton. As he watched the beauty of the evening clouds, he had watched the closing months of his wife's existence, and as in one case he forgot

that the beauty of the heavens was the harbinger of night, so did he, in the other, overlook the warning of death's approach in the almost supernatural mental and mature personal loveliness of the partner of his bosom.

And now did the emigrant family reap the reward of their kindness to the orphan. Bridget had been the first to perceive, and the last to mention the declining health of Mrs. Carleton. But from the moment that her keen observation revealed the truth to her, she had set about relieving the housewife of her cares. Heretofore she had been the active performer of Mrs. C.'s wishes in the details of the household economy.

She had been an obedient daughter, and leaving to her adopted parent the direction, had contented herself with the execution. Now a new and wider field of duty presented itself, and without any obtrusive officiousness which should lead the invalid to suspect that what she imagined the secret of her ill health, was discovered, Bridget gradually and gently assumed more and more of the care of the household, until the invalid was entirely relieved from solicitude. She fancied, for some time, that she had still the weight of her matronly duties on her hands—but they seemed to her lighter than ever before. One evening, as they sat beside each other, awaiting the return of the father and sons from the farm, a new light broke upon the invalid. She had detected an anxious look in Bridget's kind and intelligent countenance—she understood in a moment the whole of her self-denying conduct, wise and tender beyond her years,—and the matron fell on the orphan's neck and wept.

From that moment the truth broke upon the forest household. The illness of one of its heads, which hope had repelled hitherto, as a forbidden topic, and which affection had striven to regard as momentary and therefore an unnecessary cause for despairing converse, was now frequently and sadly spoken of. All felt, and none more confidently than Mrs. Carleton, that "the time of her departure was at hand."—Bridget was her constant attendant, her nurse, her angel; and if affection could have averted decease, her life would have been made immortal. But death came—not as a rude, or an unexpected visitant. He seemed to enter the little chamber as noiselessly and kindly as any other attendant upon the sick—and Mrs. Carleton drank his cup as meekly as she had partaken those proffered by her tender friends.—She sank to rest without a struggle.

Upon the anniversary of the day, on which, eleven years before, they reached their "new home," the Carleton family placed the remains of the mother beneath the tree whose shelter they courted upon first setting up their Ebenezer in the wilderness. They had left that tree, while its companions were felled, as a memorial of their arrival. It stands, still, in its greenness and strength, the memorial of the dead. Generations have passed away since the wind planted that noble tree—generations will yet pass before it sinks in decay. Could there be a more beautiful—a more poetical monument? Could human wisdom devise a better epitaph than is whispered among its leaves?

When death enters a family circle and removes a member, he never leaves the rest of the household as he found it. The monotony of content, and the monotony of thought, which contemplated each member as fixed in a character

and a place unchangeable, are broken up. So was it in the Carleton Family. Bridget was no less dear to all of them than before; but to the sons she seemed no longer a sister; and the father began to feel as if in duty to his departed wife, whose memory forbade him from forming new ties, he ought not to love Bridget so tenderly as he did before his wife's decease. While the wife yet lived he could unite with her in affectionate solicitude for their beautiful adopted child—now that she was dead it seemed to him that his affection for the living was a wrong to the departed. He dreaded himself, for he began to feel new emotions toward the beautiful orphan—and the thought of that young heart chained to the wreck of his, seemed to his better sense a mockery into which his weakness might lead him. His sense of justice revolted too, at the thought that her gratitude might lead to her acquiescence to proposals, which, as yet, he dared fashion only very indistinctly in his mind. The future troubled him; though he knew his motives were pure.

Meanwhile the frank and ingenuous girl saw her protector grow daily more thoughtful and pensive. The first shock of grief at the death of his wife seemed to have passed away, but to leave a more abiding gloom. Bridget redoubled her efforts to give him consolation, and dreamed not in her innocent heart, that she was but adding to the perplexity that she sought to soothe. She loved him as a father—for she had known no other—and he almost cursed himself, that he must so distinctly remember the May Day, upon which in New York, he had first given her shelter. For years the father and mother had ceased to allude to their first meeting with Bridget. From motives of delicacy toward the young woman, they had forborne to mention what was once subject of free conversation in presence of the child.

The brothers felt the change in the household also. They could better understand their father's conduct than Bridget did; but still they could not conceive why such constraint had fallen upon the formerly frank fireside. An event soon occurred which removed it. A neighboring farmer proposed to Carleton for his daughter's hand. He choked a moment with contending emotions—and then referred him directly to Bridget—who frankly, but firmly rejected his suit.

By the evening light of a November fire side the subject came up—for there were no subjects in that house, in which all might not participate. Carleton, who had now acquired somewhat the look of a patriarch, occupied one corner of the hearth, and looked intently into the hickory fire. Henry, the youngest, a boy of fifteen, was busy in the other corner in the mysteries of a muskrat trap which he was constructing in the fire light. John, a young man of one-and-twenty, aped the sedateness of his father, as proper to one who had attained to man's estate; and Bridget, having finished the last "chore" as the phrase is, which demanded her daily attention, drew her low chair, and seated herself in the middle of the circle.

"Well, Biddy," said the thoughtless youngster, "so you sent off Jack Robinson yesterday with the spoke out of his wheel. He counted mighty strong on Mrs. Bridget Robinson."

Bridget only blushed—John looked daggers at his brother. Why did he? The old gentleman watched the circle keenly, and did not require a word of explanation. He saw

what *might* be, and was relieved of the lead-like load, which had weighed upon his heart. He felt disposed to probe a little deeper, and said:

"A young woman like you may begin to think of a home of her own, Bridget—and your home will always be blessed of Heaven."

The blood flew to the maiden's cheeks, and as rapidly left them—and her voice trembled as she answered—"why should I leave my father and brothers?"

"You have neither father nor brothers, my child," continued Carleton, in a melancholy tone.

The girl burst into tears—John sprung from his seat as if he had never heard of *that* before. He *had* heard of it—he had known it without knowing it—for he had known without thinking of it. Now he understood that there can be one for whom a man may desert parent and brother and sister—and if for any one he should desert his kin he felt that it would be for Bridget.

Henry dropped his trap into the fire, and heeded not its burning. Carleton rose, and placing the hand of Bridget in that of his eldest son, "Am I right?" he asked. Neither said a word. Bridget and John Carleton had now first learned their real sentiments; the old gentleman rejoiced that she would still be his daughter; conversation strayed imperceptibly into a channel new in that forest cottage, and Bridget and her avowed lover were astonished upon looking round sometime afterwards—short to their minds, long by the clock—to find that Carleton and Henry had left them, and that the bright fire had, *suddenly* it seemed to them, burned to ashes.

Now cheerfulness again reigned in the house, and constraint was banished. All understood their position. Carleton was contentedly happy—John ecstatically—Henry roguishly—Bridget complacently. A few months sufficed to show Jack Robinson why he was rejected. "Damn it," he said, when young Carleton invited him to the wedding, "I like this. To be snubbed off for nothing as a body may say, didn't seem so pleasant. It was a sort of a personal insult—but if the girl had her eye on you, *that* alters the case; and I must say she couldn't have picked a better man in the State."

\* \* \* \* \*

That grandfathers spoil children has passed into a proverb—and little Bridget, the daughter of our Bridget, was long in a fair way to verify it. But as she will form the heroine of a sequel to this story, we shall here leave her infant developments of character unattempted.

See page 169.

\* NOTE A. As a frontispiece to this number the reader will find a very correct and life-like view of an emigrant party.

IBRAHIM PACHA.—The health of Ibrahim Pacha is very precarious, if not absolutely in an alarming state. The habits of intemperance which he has indulged, and which have become confirmed, have made serious inroads on his constitution, to which recent anxiety and the mortification of defeat have added their effects. Dropsical symptoms have become evident: and those who have recently had opportunities of witnessing his appearance, are of opinion that his system has sustained injuries too serious to be repaired, especially as he shows no disposition to forego indulgences to which may be traced the disease under which he labors.—*Globe*.



THE LADY JANE.

A NOVEL IN RHYME.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

CONTINUED.

XCIV.

Up sprang the boy—amazement on his brow!  
But the next instant, thro' his lips there crept  
A just awakening smile, and, with a bow,  
Calmly he said: "'twas only while I slept  
The angels did not vanish—until now."  
A speech I think, quite worthy an adept.  
The Countess stared, and Lady Jane began  
To fear that she had kiss'd a nice young man.

XCV.

Jules had that precious quality call'd tact;  
And having made a very warm beginning,  
He suddenly grew grave, and rather back'd;  
As if incapable of farther sinning.  
'Twas well he did so, for, it is a fact,  
The ladies like, themselves, to do the winning.  
In female Shakespeares, Desdemonas shine;  
And the Othellos "seriously incline."

XCVI.

So, with a manner quite reserv'd and plain  
Jules ask'd to be presented, and then made  
Many apologies to Lady Jane  
For the eccentric part that he had play'd  
Regretted he had slept—confess'd with pain  
He took her for an angel—was afraid  
He had been rude—abrupt—did he alarm  
Her much?—and might he offer her his arm?

XCVII.

And as they ranged that sweet conservatory,  
He heeded not the flowers he walk'd among;  
But such an air of earnest listening wore he,  
That a dumb statue must have found a tongue;  
And like a child that hears a fairy story,  
His parted lips upon her utterance hung.  
He seemed to know by instinct, (else how was it?)  
That people love the bank where they deposit.

XCVIII.

And closer, as the moments faster wore,  
The slender arm within her own she press'd;  
And yielding to the magic spell he bore—  
The earnest truth upon his lips imprest—  
She lavishly *told* out the golden ore  
Hoarded a life-time in her guarded breast.  
And Jules, throughout, was beautifully tender—  
Although he did not always comprehend her.

XCIX.

And this in him was no deep calculation,  
But in good truth, as well as graceful seeming,  
Abandonment complete to admiration—  
His soul gone from him as it goes in dreaming.  
I wish'd to make this little explanation,  
Misgiving that his tact might go for scheming:  
I can assure you it was never plann'd;  
I have it from his angel, (second hand).

C.

And from the same authentic source I know,  
That Lady Jane still thought him but a lad;  
Tho', why the deuse she didn't treat him so,  
Is quite enough to drive conjecture mad!  
Perhaps she thought that it would make him grow  
To take more beard for granted than he had.  
A funny friend to lend a nice young man to!  
I'm glad I've got him safely thro' *one* Canto.

[END OF CANTO FIRST.]

From the Dublin University Magazine for April.

Hallowed Ground.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

Where, oh where is hallowed ground?  
Listen where the night-winds sound,  
Murmuring through the lonely pile  
Of some old cathedral aisle;  
Where, with rainbow colors stained,  
Moonlight through the windows rained,  
Falls upon the marble tomb,  
Glimmering starlike through the gloom:  
While the silent banner droops,  
O'er the sculptured warrior groups;  
Here the song of praise hath stirred,—  
Here the organ peal been heard,—  
Here hath waked the voice of prayer,—  
Surely hallowed ground is there.  
Yes! and yet not only here;—  
Come unto this church-yard near;  
Where the gentle whispering breeze  
Softly rustleth through the trees;  
Where the moonbeam, pure and white,  
Falls in floods of cloudless light,  
Bathing many a turf heap,  
Where the lowlier slumberers sleep;  
And the graceful willow waves,  
Banner-like, o'er nameless graves:  
Here hath prayer arisen like dew,—  
Here the earth is holy too.  
Lightly press each grassy mound:  
Surely this is hallowed ground!  
Holy these; yet not alone.  
Oft, where neither name nor stone  
Of the parted keep a trace,  
Is a consecrated place;—  
Oft, "the huts where poor men lie"  
Have an unseen dignity;—  
Oft the halls of stately pride  
Are to holy ground allied:  
Many a mountain, many a vale,  
Scene of some inspiring tale  
Of the olden chivalry,  
Seems a sacred spot to be,—  
Seems to say that hallowed ground,  
May in every land be found.  
Yes! where mighty names have been,  
Linked unto an earthly scene;—  
Where the poet and the sage  
Poured their hearts upon the page;—  
Where the patriot loved to tread,  
Where he found his warrior bed;—  
Where the messengers of God  
In a stranger country trod,  
Bearing first the tidings high  
Of man's glorious destiny;—  
Where the martyr's blood sublime  
Sowed Heaven's seed for future time;—  
To these spots our hearts are bound,—  
Here, indeed, is hallowed ground!

We copy the following from the "Dartmouth," a monthly periodical, conducted by the Students of Dartmouth College. The whole article is exceedingly well done, and would do credit to many of the older Magazines of the day:

### Johny Cake.

IN THE MANNER OF LATE IMITATIONS OF THE GERMANS.

Sissing, steaming,  
Up the water liquid rolls,  
Kettle in, o'erhanging coals;  
Now the cook, so kindly careful, hasty takes the spoon,  
Leaves her dreaming;  
Feels the stirrings of gustation; hopes to quell them soon  
With a tow cloth up the kettle see her take,  
Pour the water, none demurring,  
On meal yellow, keep it stirring,  
Till it's fit for making cake.  
Oh, if life be all in living,  
How much must we need forgiving!  
On round tin,  
Outspread thin,  
Down she puts it before the fire;  
The flame outbreaking rises higher—  
The inward spirit of the mass is moving,  
And all its mighty energies is proving.  
It swells, it swells—oh, smack your lips!  
The crust begins to brown—  
Take care! ah me! it moves, it slips,  
You wench, 'tis falling down!  
What shall we do?  
The fiend pursue—  
'Tis safe  
Don't chafe!  
A little ashes will not hurt it;  
A few clean cinders cannot dirt it.  
Smoking table on stands now it;  
Oh, how tempting! oh, oh, how it  
Gently seems to woo the butter standing near;  
Quickly we'll complete the union—never fear.  
Eagerly, with knife in hand,  
All we gather round the table,  
Seems to each one understand  
We will show what we are able.  
Hasty words of grace ascend,  
Each wishing for the end.  
Now the work works—knives and platters—  
Johnny-cake all torn to tatters—  
Swift vanish all the slices,  
By most exquisite devices.  
Seems each one to say,  
As they melt away,  
"Cake Johny,  
Greatly to be  
Is enough for me,  
Is enough for thee."  
Think'st thou, thinkless reader, think'st thou  
Johny-cake's no more to tell thee?  
Know then, feel then, somehow, nohow,  
Higher, deeper thoughts should swell thee.  
One great, big, large, universal  
Johny-cake the world contains,  
Huger than our rehearsal  
Can be told in many strains.  
O, the noble, all-including, transcendental make  
Of inward, outward, upward, great world Johny-cake!  
Thoughts commingling,  
What a jingling  
Fancies clattering,  
What a shattering!  
Sure there'll be a new creation—  
Sure there won't be no starvation—  
Sure there'll be huge gratification,

Consequential  
On potential  
Spirit-aiding, heart-upmoving,  
Life-reviving, health-improving,  
New ideal,  
Super-real  
Indian Johny-cake.

From the Lady's Book.

### Queen Maria Christine's Farewell.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Spaniards, when first with stranger-step  
I trod your verdant shore,  
The memory of your noble sires,  
Their glorious deeds of yore—  
The spears that on a thousand fields  
Maintain'd their sovereign's claim,  
Swept in strong vision o'er my soul,  
And filled it with your fame.

I bound your welfare to my heart,  
I made your cause my own,  
The subject of my lonely thought,  
The study of my throne,—  
And when in dark or evil days,  
You to your monarch drew,  
My voice, as with a mother's love,  
Was ever rais'd for you.

But when my husband, and your king,  
From our embraces reft,  
With dying hand, the reins of power  
To me, confiding left;  
Upon that heaven-transmitted trust,  
I threw no despot stain,  
My prayer to God for you was pour'd,  
Amid my deepest pain.

Yet, of the countless frowns of hate  
That darken'd every scene,  
The insults and the wrongs that vex'd  
A widow, and a queen,—  
I will not speak,—you ne'er shall hear  
From me, the murmurer's moan,  
A high forbearance best befits  
My glory, and your own.

Still, in my right, have proudly burn'd  
The spirits of the free,  
And the sharp falchion sought to flash  
In valor's hand, for me,—  
I bade those mighty hearts be still,  
I bade that sword be sheath'd,  
I could not waste the homes of those,  
For whom my prayer had breath'd.

No—rather from your realm I turn,  
My sceptre I resign,  
A yet a sterner sacrifice,  
A keener pang is mine,—  
My children!—they whose gentle smile  
Each tear of sorrow dried,  
How shall I speed my exil'd course,  
Nor find them by my side.

Yet, on the altar of my fate,  
This last, best gift I lay,  
And from the idols of my heart  
Turn desolate away.  
Oh Spaniards!—to this sacred trust,  
Be tender, and be true,  
And sooth the mother, and the queen,  
Who yields so much for you.



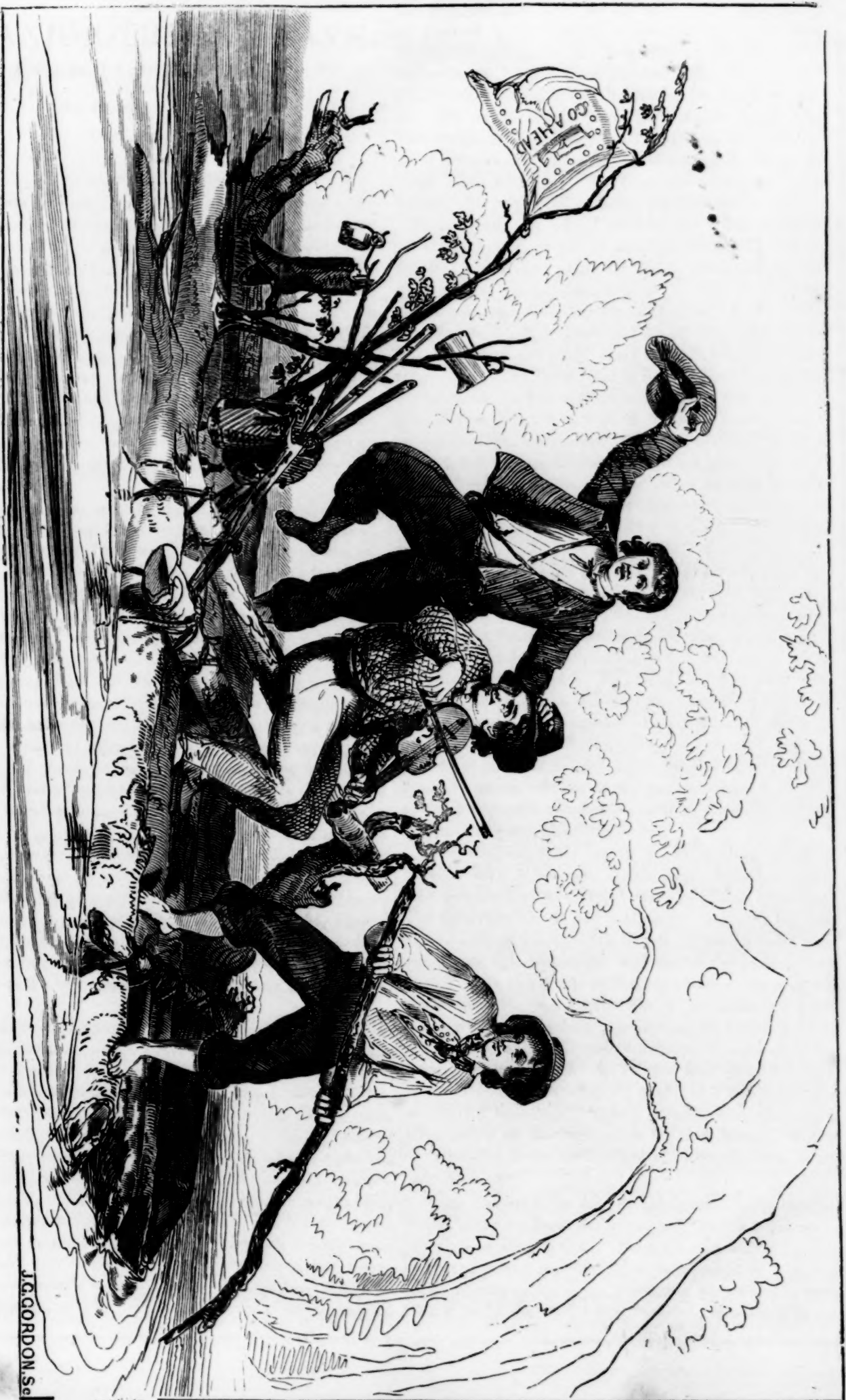


LITTLE BROTHER AND HIS BEAR



LITTLE BRIDGET, THE BUCKEYE MAID.





FROLICS AT THE WEST. See Note B.





WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

## GRANDMOTHER'S GRAVE:

## A Sequel to "Poor Bridget."

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SYCAMORE TREE.

A group are seated beneath the spreading branches of a sycamore tree. It is the beginning of autumn, and the liv-very of green begins to be spotted with the beautiful shades of an American forest, as the leaves tend to decay. A house, buried in green, is just near enough to the party to suggest the idea that it is their residence, and to throw the picture of comfort forward in the strongest relief. A colt, shaggy in the absence of the jockey's shears, is looking very sagaciously over the neighboring Virginia fence; and a fat Ohio hog, of colossal dimensions, has strolled up from his feast of mast and acorns, and is watching the process of tea-drinking, as if conscious that the same party would one day eat him. He is holding an ante-mortem inquest upon his own destiny.

On every hand, around the party, are the marks of harvest time on the farm. The wagons and implements peculiar to that season are standing about, as if late in use, and soon to be resumed again; and the outhouses already begin to look bursting with plenty. The cider mill shows marks of recent activity, and the well, with the long bar balanced in the crotch of a tree, completes the picture. All looks like plenty, welcome, and peace.

The snow-white cloth, upon which stands the substantial yet plain tea equipage, is covered also with accompaniments of solids, more liberally provided than for many a city dinner. About that board are seated a woman of thirty to thirty-five by our chronology, but in health, and bloom, and youthfulness of appearance, scarce twenty-five. She might easily be taken for the sister of her daughter of sixteen, who sits at her right—and could not be suspected as a mother at all, but for the roguish Buckeye boy of some eight years of age, who keeps her maternal authority in constant demand, to restrain his gaucheries. All the rest seem to feel an air of subdued and melancholy happiness—if we may be allowed the expression. The boy knows no restraint, and has just evaded his mother's vigilance and thrown his slice of the griddle cake with unerring aim, at a bird on the tree above him.

How his joyous laugh rings out! His sister laughs too—so does his uncle, a man scarce less a boy than the lad. His father says nothing—being like a wise man, unwilling to divide between himself and boy, the scolding which the mother freely administers to the rampant urchin. There is one more in the group. Deep in a reverie, he has just noticed the interruption which the little incident created—and collected himself within himself again. He is old—some sixty-five years, or it may be seventy. Age lies light on the hardy and temperate farmer. His ample forehead towers into one of those magnificent bald heads upon which it is a pleasure to look, with strong determination, reverence, and benevolence unerringly marked upon it. His features are bronzed by the sun, up to the line where his head is usually covered.

The dark hue there fades into the white of the upper part of his head—it is an autumn study—that old man's face. About to be gathered by the Great Reaper, it seems as if he bore where the sun had kissed his cheeks, like the fruit about him, the evidences of being fully ripe, and ready for the garner. His hat is carefully placed on a mound beside him. That mound is GRANDMOTHER'S GRAVE; and he whom the girl of sixteen is just addressing as "Grandfather," is our old friend, JAMES CARLETON. To those who have read "Poor Bridget," the party need no farther introduction.

Fifteen years have passed since we left "Poor Bridget" the blooming bride of two or three years' standing. Another Bridget had just joined the family then, and she has made good use of her time, to grow up into the beautiful girl we now see her—so like her mother too. Uncle Henry has grown to a man of thirty—but he still a bachelor, and as before remarked, still a boy. John Carleton has learned life's responsibilities and duties; and in their fulfilment, as the son of a patriarch, the husband of a woman every way worthy of him, and the father of children in whom his heart is proud, he enjoys all the satisfaction which the performance of a man's duties in these natural relations can give. His character is fully developed—his mind knows no want of occupation, his days are never spotted with ennui, and his nights never know a restless pillow. Man is never a whole man until married.

The sycamore tree had always been a favorite haunt of the senior Carleton. It seemed as if he thought that when seated by his wife's grave, he still enjoyed communion with her. It was his grand-daughter's attention which spread the table beneath the sycamore upon this, the anniversary of her grand-mother's death. In return, for this thoughtful kindness, the patriarch answered the thousand questions of the favorite boy—his namesake. How endless are children's inquiries! To answer but suggests new questions, and the wisdom of age is baffled by the curiosity of infancy, which knows no reason why any answer should be denied, and will admit no profession of ignorance in those whom its childish reverence invests with all knowledge.

James Carleton was betrayed into more than the usual garrulity even of his age. Little James wished to know why grandmother was buried there—and who buried her. The elder members of the family were insensibly led into participation in his inquiries, and the patriarch found himself giving a history of his past life, of the journey from New York to the West—of the privations of the road—of the labors of the early settlement—of the illness and death of his wife. His beautiful grand daughter had seated herself on the sward at his feet, and disputed possession of his knees with little James. As her mild blue eyes dwelt upon his countenance, he was forcibly reminded of the youth of her mother, "Poor Bridget," and his grateful heart whispered a silent prayer of thanksgiving to the God who had blessed his humanity, in the mother and children who were the solace of his age.

Long they sat in the mild twilight—breathlessly they listened to the old man's low voice, as it detailed incidents so deeply interesting to them. Each felt more knit in heart to a spot so sacred, as, with all the fervor of young love, that aged pilgrim spoke of the departed. He seemed in voice and in enthusiasm to have renewed his youth—as if he had

laid it down in the grave with *her* and took it up again, only, when on this spot, and discoursing on this theme, he recalled her companionship. Is it hard to believe that her spirit, if not with that little group, still smiled upon it, and imparted a purer mental joy than would have been given by her presence in the body among them? We know not how we love—we do not learn all that is lovely in our friends, till death has consecrated them in our hearts.

And on such occasions as this, his adopted daughter's own mother was not forgotten. James Carleton had repeated the tale of that melancholy May-day so often, that his little auditory could anticipate every word of his narrative. Still the recital never wearied. The very words seemed to come like old friends to the ear, and the tale, as it was all they could have of the departed, became, to the mind, more than a spoken narrative. It seemed a reality, and while the family listened, it appeared that the unknowns, but well beloved, formed one of the twilight circle. Imagination was racked to invest the shadow with circumstances—fancy created events in her life for the memory to dwell upon—till memory assumed them as facts, and deluded itself into a connected narrative. Mrs. Carleton's infant reminiscences were repeated again and again, and her daughter's heart glowed as she felt how happier was her lot, than had been the earlier years of her parents.

"And now, Grandpa," little James asked, "isn't father's mother, and mother's mother, in Heaven?"

"So we trust."

"And they can tell each other all about it, can't they, Grandpa?—oh, how I wish they could tell us! If Grandma Carleton is in Heaven—how can she be here?" he asked, placing his open hand upon the grave.

"You will know, when you go to Heaven, James."

"And then Grandpa, can't I tell you, if you want to know?"

"I shall go first, my child."

"And will you be laid down here, when you go to Heaven—and shall I too—and will father and mother?"

"So I hope—for I would part with every acre I possess, rather than grandmother's grave should pass from the possession of her kindred. But I fear it may." And the party slowly and sadly moved from the spot—weighed down with the impression that the patriarch's fear might prove prophetic.

## CHAPTER II.

### SPECULATION.

The seven first years of the decade we have just passed, form an epoch which cannot be soon forgotten—at any rate, not while those are living who participated in its scenes of hourly increasing excitement, and who, when at the extravagant altitude of trading madness and visionary wealth, found themselves suddenly plunged to the hopeless depths of depression. The Eastern allegory was realised. The magician Speculation filled men's coffers with what seemed bright gold—and when they would have applied it to actual use, it proved mere chaff.

How wonderful seems the retrospect—how like a fiction—a figment of a romancer's brain. We can scarcely realize the possibility of scenes in which, mayhap, we bore an active participation. We cannot look back and convince ourselves,

without an effort, that where the axe should have been sounding, the report of the champagne bottle was echoing in ambitious pine Astor and Tremont Houses among the forest-trees. Those houses still stand—the magnificent cities in which they were placed by the fiction of the crayon and the stone, are still swamp, or prairie, or forest. Like the drunken reach of a staggering man, the whole nation plunged forward, only to fall back—prostrate. The debility consequent upon debauch, has not yet left the business interests of the country—but we have all the good resolutions of the first return of sobriety. Heaven help us to keep them!

The golden vision had just begun to fade and be distrusted at the period at which our tale opens. Hence the elder Carleton's expressed fear—hence the silent misgivings in the hearts of the others by which it was answered—the fear that the proprietorship of the Sycamore, as they called their happy home, would pass into other hands. But what, the reader may ask, was speculation to them? What? They had not lived removed from the spirit of the hour, when "madness ruled." Not even their quiet home could escape the subtle spirit of speculation, which pervaded every city, startled every hamlet, visited every farm house. Their very love of home had aided the unfortunate delusion. They forgot the associations which made the spot dear. They lost sight of the fact that it was to them alone, and to others, who, like them, had won the garden from the wilderness, that the spot was dear. The value of the land was vested in themselves—and no intrinsic property of the mere soil. They mistook this—and fancied all the world would fall in love with it at first sight—forgetting how dreary at first sight it had been even to themselves. Imagination built a city for them on their grazing and tillage lands.

Their hills of corn grew to steeples as they looked at them—potato patches swelled into squares, market places, and piles of architecture. People do not cultivate steeples, squares, or granite blocks—the Carletons and their neighbors took that for present which was at best but in the future, and which is not yet. They parcelled their farms into building lots—bought, sold, exchanged, all grew rich in theory—all grew poor in fact—for all not only neglected labor, but acquired a distaste for it. This is no fancy sketch, and is restricted to small district. Reader—remember that, within a few years, breadstuffs have been imported into a country, in which careless cultivation will produce more corn than can be eaten, or even stored.

The moral injury which the American people suffered during this period of speculation, has not been sufficiently dwelt upon. We are too prone to count mere dollars and cents; and to forget the weightier loss, in the wearing away of habits of application, and the acquirement of a distaste and disdain for labor, and of a fondness for every thing which smacks of adventure and excitement. The elder Carleton was too old to have his character essentially changed, and his was the conservative spirit which held the household to any thing of its old habits of industry. John, the husband and father, had a character formed, and though both the seniors preserved something of their original sobriety—Henry—uncle Henry—crazy Harry—what shall we say of him?

From the hour that the Sycamore began to "rise in value," Henry began to depreciate. The newspapers told him too much of the worth of land to permit him to labor upon



it. He read too much of the "resources of the country," to stoop to the work of developing them. He seemed to act upon the principle that the landed estate of which he was proprietor of an undivided share, would, by some unexplained and not understood process, go on and support them all. He was the orator of the house, and persuaded his brother and father into the purchase and nominal possession of tract after tract, until a township came into their hands, all of which they were resolved to hold, till it was bought of them by an equal surface of bank notes. They felt that they had forestalled the universe, and that the solar system could hardly go on in its revolutions without enriching them.

And how was this great outlay made? Dear Reader, can you ask? Have you forgotten? It is ten to one that you speculated. Banks were liberal. A endorsed for B, C, D, E, and F, to the end of the alphabet, and every letter endorsed back and forward. "Mercantile" paper was like a boarding school miss's letter—written across, then perpendicularly, and then transversely. Not a soul could feel a gripe that it did not nip every one of his acquaintance. This answered very well, till a certain undefined something which nobody ever knew, except by hearsay—a something called "confidence" was lost. Then came an epidemic of fear. The whole alphabet swamped together—banks—capitals—and all! But we are anticipating.

Harry grew too proud to work. It cost him some trouble to find any body who was not like himself, a "land owner," to do the labor which he should have done—but he did find such persons, and borrowed bank promises to pay them, or ran in their debt. If their charge was inordinate, it was so much the better, being the evidence of "unexampled prosperity;" and in proportion as labor was dearer, the necessity for him to labor was less. But he was great on *business*. He was fond of the busy idleness of "examining land," and making excursions, an occupation which he flattered himself was in some way forwarding his fortune, while it was only killing time. It came near killing him.

But a few days from the date at which our story opens, he started with two other hairbrains, to "locate a tract," which is to say, to define a lot for purchase, for in his sanguine and reckless mind, the fire of speculation was not yet extinct.\* Having reached their destination, and paid more attention to the picnic temptations of their excursion, than to the land or the trees, the madcap scheme came into their heads, of rafting down the tributary of La Belle Riviere, upon the banks of which they found themselves. To the proper appointments of a voyage, the prog and proven, was added the somewhat unusual aid of a cracked violin, to which they had made love during their excursion—and bought "at a speculation price," from an emigrant party, who saw little chance for the violin in log cabins.

Going down stream was easy—but as Harry afterward declared, "a heap moister than it was easy." The crazy viol rung out buckeye songs in right hilarious, if not very harmonious notes; and the tunes of Ole Virginny were not forgotten. Sometimes they drifted down stream to the tune of "Such a getting up stairs," and sometimes the Orpheus afloat touched the notes of a ditty still more appropriate to his position, "Sitting on a rail." "Jenny, is your hoe-cake done, my darling?" minded them of the homes they hardly cared to reach while the fun lasted; and raft

and boat tunes were played in all their variety. Not even a backwoodsman, however, can stand every thing. A day and a night of this amusement was considered good qualification and endorsement for the fever and ague, and when Harry reached the latch string at his father's door, his fingers shook at it, as they say in the West, "with a perfect looseness."

### CHAPTER III.

#### SICKNESS OF BODY—SICKNESS AT HEART.

Ague receives little charity at the West. There is an air of low comedy about it, which, despite the misery of the disease, makes the spectator laugh, and so it would the sufferer, if he could keep his teeth still, long enough.

Oh, what's the matter, what's the matter,  
What is't that ails young Harry Gill;  
That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

One could almost fancy that the little poem of Wordsworth, from which the above lines are quoted, had been shaken out of him in the Dismal Swamp—so perfect is the picture of a man when the shakes are on. All the fleecy, of all the flocks on the Grampian Hills, would not warm a poor fellow one moment—in the next, all the ice bergs of Nova Zembla would not cool him. But Harry gat no pity. He expected none. Even his niece, Bridget, who loved her uncle as the apple of her eye, mocked his ague; and little Jem, tauntingly, asked him if he could not "keep still a shaking." There came shortly something more potent than morphine—and it settled his nerves. It was the sudden news that the Carleton Family were beggars—the landed proprietors—the owners of a city in prospect could not even claim longer proprietorship of "Grandmother's Grave."

The Rocky Mountain Railroad and Kamschatkan Mining and Banking Company had failed. Assets—six dollars in specie, sixty thousand in other Wild Cat Notes, and half a million in the alphabet business paper, before referred to. Liabilities—an enormous and unknown circulation, much of it in the hands of holders, clamoring for the "specie"—the rest divided among other Wild Cat Banks, who all affected a holy horror of the mismanagement of the Rocky Mountain Railroad and Kamschatkan Mining and Banking Company, in order to hide their own delinquencies, and keep the public from falling upon them also.

How did this affect the Carletons? Bless your soul, sir, didn't it ruin confidence? And what can people do, who have more promises to redeem than they could accomplish in eternity, without confidence? But there was something more tangible than even this. The Carletons were, in the first place, large stockholders. Next, they were large debtors to the Bank, in their own direct capacity, and next, they had been so "accommodating" that their names as endorsers, were upon nearly every promissory note which had been done. Not a note, so far as the commissioners could discover, which had ever been discounted by the Bank had ever been paid. When they reached maturity, the uniform custom was to renew them, or accept others in exchange. The directors could not bring their minds to afflict the debtors of the institution—the more particularly as the officers of the Bank represented the great bulk of the debt themselves.

Bank commissioners have no such bowels of compassion; and if they had, as the case usually stands, they could not exercise mercy. The public has an awkward habit of prying into the affairs of an institution whose demise has touched their pockets, and that awkward circumstance compels debtors to walk up—if they can, and if not, to follow the example of the bank and suspend. The Carletons had a note due, for more than they were actually worth in the world. They had secured the promise of the Directors for a new discount, and were just ready to receive the money from the paying teller of the Rocky Mountain Railroad and Kamschatkan Mining and Banking Company, when the news of the failure fell upon them like a thunder-bolt. Discounts in other quarters could not be had—for as before remarked, “confidence” was gone. The whole alphabet of drawers and endorsers were exposed; and the credit of any one of them alone was not worth a barrel of flour. Combined, their credit was not worth a loaf of bread. There are some good things, of which the more you have, the worse you are off, and of that character is the credit of a batch of insolvents.

Henry’s intermittent had changed to a bilious fever. The news, which could not be concealed from him, gave melancholy wildness to his ravings. His niece wept, as in her faithful attendance upon his bedside, she heard the utterings of his insane fancy—now revelling in riches, and anon mourning in poverty. At one time he would sing snatches of ribald songs, and in the next breath he would speak of his mother. Now he spoke of “lots” and townships, like a Czar of his dominions—and now he howled defiance at those who would desecrate his mother’s grave!

Mysterious insanity! Often in its fancies is it prophetic, and exceeding sanity in its wisdom. The maniac occasionally knew that ALL would not satisfy the demands against the estate. The well in body were more weak in mind. They fancied that the sale of their swelled and unproductive accumulations of land titles would relieve them of embarrassments, and leave the homestead untouched. But alas! “Confidence” was lost. The bolt had sped. The fairy screen which had shut out *reality* from the eyes of men, had fallen with all its gorgeous drapery. The truth was revealed. People laughed when land sales at SPECULATION PRICES were spoken of, and every thing fell back to its minimum market value. The auctioneer’s hammer filled the perspective. The nominal property of the Carletons had depreciated seventy-five per cent—or rather had returned to its true estimate. Their liabilities were as large as ever—for figures do not depreciate; and—they were beggars. House, home, the Seyamore and its cherished shadow over the living and over the dead, were theirs no longer.

#### CHAPTER IV.

DAY BREAKS—THE PITCHER IS BROKEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Not a word of Bridget’s lover? She had one certainly—but while so many more pressing themes were forced upon us, excuse us for forgetting him. Now, that he will shortly become of use, it is time to introduce him. He is a Yankee and a lawyer. To the natural shrewdness of the man, he adds the acquired tact of the profession, and in no part of his life has he shown more of true wisdom than in his choice of a help meet. He cautioned Bridget that the golden

dreams of her friends would end in poverty—and when the blow came he forbore to allude in a single word to his prophecies. He did not once say, “I told you so.” That trait is warrant that he is a gentleman. And when adversity overtook the family he redoubled his attention. Set him down, therefore, for an honest lawyer. He is her husband now—a fact which we here record, as we may not have time to speak of it hereafter.

Bridget sat with him at Henry’s bedside. A parcel received from the apothecary had just been stripped of its outer envelope—a stray half of an old newspaper. He took it up listlessly. Suddenly his attention is attracted—he is on the point of speaking but forbears. Again he starts, as something else has caught his eye. He speaks, but Bridget is too much engaged with her patient to notice him. He has thought better of it, and while his trembling fingers betray his agitation, he has carefully folded that bit of paper, and placed it in his pocket.

Lovers’ leave takings are very interesting—to themselves. The reader will pardon the omission of the details in this case. Bridget expressed no surprise when Mr. Brewster told her that he was called by business to New York, and that his stay was uncertain. It might be a fortnight—it might be a month—it might be more. She wished him God speed on his journey; and it may be that they exchanged a kiss. If so, they never have mentioned it.

Henry slowly mended. He returned to health with a stronger heart, and with firmer purposes than his friends possessed who had not been sick. A full knowledge of their destitution had come to him, while he was yet weak and indifferent to the world—its fortunes or misfortunes. He awoke from his delirium slowly to receive anew the tidings which had thrown him into it, and which had passed away with his insanity as a painful dream. With the morbid feelings of an invalid, he regarded himself as no longer for the world, and of course considered the loss of this world’s pelf as no misfortune. As hope gathered strength; and as he looked forth from his window on glorious nature—now in the melancholy grandeur of the sere and yellow leaf, he gained strength of mind as well as of body. Winter, he said, approaches in its turn—without it we could not well come Spring. Misfortune must visit us—else would we never know joy.

The elder Carleton was the most unhappy, and he had reason. The little world about him seemed as one of his own creation. He had by the sweat of his own brow won a paradise from the wilderness. Every object, the most insignificant was dear to him, as having been absolutely the work of his hands, or as having in some manner received improvement, culture, or direction from him. He knew that in the ordinary course of nature he could not long associate with these familiar objects—but he did hope that his children would live, and their children would grow up among them. It seemed to him like dying twice to give them up, and then go away from the grave of his wife to lay his bones down among strangers. He wandered about like a stranger in his own home, and the anxious observation of affection could detect an increase of ten years in his age, in a few short weeks.

The elder son was more firm. He was yet in the prime of his strength—at the very age when his father commenced



life in the wilderness. His manly bearing, and the kind attention of Mrs. Carleton, of Bridget, and of Henry, often deceived the old gentleman into calmness. Invaluable indeed to him now, were the kind offices of his early protegee, and her daughter. More than ever did he delight to watch them with the covetousness of affection, as if they did him a wrong, and robbed him of a right when they left his sight a moment. The fancies of dotage were strong in his old heart—and in his second childhood he lived over his first; only that he was sometimes puzzled by the close resemblance of the mother and daughter. He could not comprehend two sister Bridgets; as the likeness of the departed playmate of his infancy was reproduced to him twice.

It is another autumn twilight. Six weeks have elapsed since the opening of this sketch, and the same family are again seated in the twilight, under the Sycamore. They are more melancholy now than they were then, for no shade of hope passes through their thoughts. What was then indistinct fear is to them now sombre reality. The worst is known—the worst is felt. They are no longer under their own shade—and they almost wish to hurry the forms of law, that their fate may be sealed at once, and their expulsion consummated.

A step approaches. It is Brewster's—and he looks, too, the bearer of good tidings. Bridget's face reflects his, for she thinks his is the mere joy of meeting, and in the sincerity of a Buckeye girl she takes no pains to conceal hers, and for the moment forgets misfortune. The mother looks up half reprovingly—but the expression of displeasure passes from her fine countenance, and she rather seems to rejoice that any one of the afflicted household can forget the woe that surrounds them.

Little Jem bounds to meet Brewster, and has seized a packet from his hands, being suspicious of confects. While he discusses that package, let Brewster open his mission—for he has one. The old man has risen to extend his hand. Brewster takes it, and placing in it the hand of his adopted daughter, says:—"Mr. Carleton, in 'Poor Bridget' embrace your sister's child."

"I knew it—I knew it—I told you so, over and over!" exclaimed the old man, sinking on his knees beside the grave, and apostrophizing his wife. "But how did you find it out, sir?—and are you sure? I am."

"Yes sir, sure. On this bit of newspaper, which I found in Henry's chamber, I read an advertisement, calling upon Bridget Carleton, or her legal representatives, to come forward and prove their identity. She was your sister Bridget, who emigrated to America before you, and whom you supposed dead, long before you witnessed her death without knowing it." The old man had seated himself on the grave, and buried his face in his hands. The family gathered round him, and for some moments preserved a reverential silence. New ties had been discovered among them—new affection could not have been created. Brewster was the first to speak.

"In the same scrap of paper is the following paragraph: 'Died recently in ———, John Carleton, the misanthrope and miser. He had for many years refrained from all communion with his fellow creatures, beyond that requisite to obtain the barest necessities, and bequeathes a large property

to an only sister, supposed to be living in America, whom and her children, if she have any, he makes his sole legatees.'"

"Poor John"—said Carleton, musingly, "he would not let me be his brother. But he is gone now—gone to a merciful Judge." Again there was silence. "The Sycamore is still ours! yours, children! Now Lord let thou thy servant depart in peace!"

His face was again buried in his hands, in prayer. They waited some moments—he fell—his sister's child, the creature of his disinterested benevolence, caught in her arms a corse.

The pitcher was broken at the fountain of joy; and a parallel mound now rises beside GRANDMOTHER'S GRAVE.

\* NOTE B. The engraving which accompanies this tale, is a picture from real life in the West, and no mere fiction.

From the Ladies' Companion.

### The Will:

#### OR, LAW'S LABOR LOST.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state,  
Money buys lands, but wives are sold by fate."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Frank! Frank Erldon! what in the world is the matter with you? I have been standing at your elbow these five minutes, and you don't seem to have heard a word that I have been saying."

"I beg your pardon, sister, I did not see you."

"No, nor do you seem to see any thing else: look, your segar has burned a hole in the paper lying on your knee, and I suppose you would not have discovered it until the fire had penetrated to the flesh."

Frank laughed, and tossing away his mouldering segar, said, "I was absorbed in thought, Mary, and forgot every thing."

"Pray what were you thinking about, brother? were you pondering on the case of some suffering patient, or recalling the charms of the last new face in Broadway?"

"Neither, sister; the last new face is perfectly indifferent to me, and as for patients—Heaven help the mark—if it were not for my hospital duties, I believe I should forget my profession."

"Why, you certainly have had time enough since you wrote yourself down M. D., to have some experience in the art of killing *secundum artem*."

"Ah, my good sister, you know little of the struggles which men are compelled to make against evil fortune. Talk of hardships! why, the lot of a common laborer is luxury, compared to that of a young physician."

"How do you prove that, pray?"

"Very easily. The laborer is poor, and seems poor, while his daily toil procures him food, clothes and fire, which are all he wants; but a young physician—an intellectual and educated man, with refined tastes and habits, compelled to look and act the gentleman, even in the midst of actual want, and denied the privilege of cultivating his best affections, because poverty is ever at his heels, is the most luckless wretch beneath the sun."

"What a sombre-tinted picture you have made, brother."

"I have drawn my tints from facts, Mary. People will not employ a young and unmarried doctor; they think wisdom is never to be found unaccompanied by wrinkles. No fashionable belle ever dreaded the first grey hair as much as I have watched and hoped for it."

"For shame, Frank; just look in that glass, if your eyes can penetrate the dust that lies upon it, and tell me if you

would like to see streaks of silver mingling with those fine masses of black hair upon your temples."

Frank glanced towards the mirror, not without a slight feeling of gratified vanity, for he could not but be sensible that few finer persons were ever reflected from its shining surface. "After all," said he, with a half sigh, "What is the use of good looks, or talent, or industry? here have I been living up knowledge for years, and gathering a store of kindly affections since my boodhood, yet my knowledge is useless, and my affections only prey upon my own heart. I cannot obtain a lucrative practice as a physician, because I am too young. I cannot marry because I have no practice, and by the time old age has given me a diploma to kill or cure *ad libitum*, I shall have no love to bestow upon any one."

"A most lamentable tale, truly, brother; there is only one way that I can perceive to enliven it; you must marry a rich wife."

"This from *you*, Mary! from *you*, who refused one of the richest men in the community, to marry the object of your early attachment."

"I did not say you must marry a woman whom you did not love, Frank, for the sake of her wealth; are there no loveable women to be found among the rich? The pretty widow, for instance, with whom you were walking yesterday," said Mary, with an arch smile.

"For Heaven's sake, sister, do not speak of her: I can bear with your merry jests, on any subject but that."

"My dear brother, I would not, for the world, sport with your serious feelings; but why, if you love her, are you so unhappy? She must be fastidious indeed, if she cannot feel a reciprocal esteem for a man like Frank Erdon."

"Sit down beside me, Mary, and I will tell you all I know about her; you shall sympathize with me, and perhaps advise me. About six months since, I had just laid aside my books, and was drawing on my gloves for my usual walk, when the office door opened, and a head, covered with shaggy red hair was thrust in:

"Is the docther home?" was asked in a rich brogue.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Och, shure—he's jist fell, and lies for dead."

"An accident, I suppose."

"That's it, shure enough."

I looked at my neat dress, my light gloves, and my best beaver, and hesitated a moment, for I have had some little experience in mending broken bones and cracked pates. But the man was waiting, so notwithstanding my forebodings of an ugly job, and no fee, I followed him. "Has the man hurt his head?" I asked, still thinking it was some laborer who had fallen from a neighboring building.

"Och, thin, his head is jist gone intirely," was the luminous reply.

"Then there is not much use in my going," said I.

"What 'ud be ailing me to tell your honor a lie; it's his sines I mane; his head's jist where it belongs, and that's on his shoulders, shure."

With a hearty laugh at the droll look, as well as the droll speech of the honest Irishman, I followed him to the door of a large house in the next street; and, much to my surprise, was ushered into a well-furnished drawing-room, where I beheld an old man stretched on a sofa, in all the stupor of apoplexy. To tell you the truth, Mary, I was not sorry to find myself the first doctor upon the ground, and I immediately adopted the most prompt measures for the relief of the patient. Don't look so alarmed; I am not going to give you the details of his treatment; it is enough to say that the old man at length gave some signs of returning animation. He was carried to bed, and, as I foresaw that death would probably ensue, though several days of unconsciousness might intervene, I thought it advisable to divide the responsibility, by proposing to send for the family physician.

"We have none," exclaimed a sharp-voiced elderly woman, whom I concluded to be the old man's wife. "Mr. Brambleton was always afraid of doctors, and he never had a family doctor."

"Did you never get sick?" I asked in some surprise.

"Oh, yes, but we always sent to the druggists for a dose of medicine, and with that, and some *yerb tea*, we doctored ourselves."

I turned away to hide a smile as I replied, that in this case more powerful remedies were required, and, mentioning the name of a distinguished physician, I begged that he might be called in consultation.

"I should think you risked the loss of your patient by the doctor, if not by the disease," said Mary, laughing.

"No, sister, I knew my man; Dr. —'s character for probity and high-mindedness, is so well established, that one may consult him, without expecting to be superseded by him.—I am sorry I cannot pay the same honest tribute of respect to all the fraternity. However, Dr. — came, approved of all I had done, and kindly left me the whole management of the case, only affording me the benefit of his advice. To be sure, there was little to be done, except to watch the disease, and seize any favorable change that might occur. Mr. Brambleton recovered his consciousness so far as to recognize persons around him, and the first evidence he gave of it, was to order the old lady out of his room. He refused to receive any thing except from the hands of a young and beautiful creature whom I had supposed to be his daughter, but whom, to my great surprise, I now learned was his wife. He was old enough to be her grandfather, Mary, as testy and choleric as you can imagine.

"He seemed fast recovering, when one day something occurred, which excited his anger against the old woman, his wife's mother. He flew into a violent passion; his rage actually choked his utterance, and in the midst of this excitement, he was seized with another apoplectic fit. He died in twelve hours after. Thus ended my duties towards him, but Mrs. Brambleton, young, sensitive and timid, was shocked and terrified at his sudden death. She was nervous and hysterical for several days, and it required some skill to soothe the excessive agitation of her system."

"You found her a dangerous patient, brother."

"I did, indeed, Mary, but not at that time. I had no disposition to fall in love with the widow beside the coffin of her husband. But I fear I have since seen her too often for my own peace; I have called upon her, frequently, under the plea of professional duty, but she needs no such care, for her health is as good as my own, and I shall now be compelled, in spite of myself, to cease my visits."

"What is there to hinder your visiting her, if you admire her, Frank?"

"Her wealth, Mary, and my poverty; I cannot bear to have my motives misinterpreted, and my best feelings misunderstood."

"Are you sure she is rich?"

"There is no doubt of it. The will has been opened, at least, I judge so, from the fact that my bill was paid a few weeks after the old man's death—and he is said to have been worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"But perhaps she does not inherit it."

"Alas! Mary, if she is rich I dare not offer her my heart, lest she should think me interested in my views; if she is not wealthy I must never breathe my love, for how could I bear to reduce her to poverty such as mine?"

"Come, come, Frank, don't give yourself up to despondency; if you love her, try to discover the nature of her feelings, and if you find your affection returned, then marry her; let people say what they will. The gossip of that many-tongued monster, whom we call the world, is little to be regarded. It called me a *fool* for preferring *love in a cottage*, and perhaps it will deem you a *knave* for finding *love in a palace*; but what need we care if we are happy in our own way. Remember the pretty song—

"Tom, if you love me, pray tell me so."

How is she to give you any evidence of her feelings, if you are resolute in repressing your own?"

"How I wish I was rich!"

"And she poor, I suppose; a very kind wish, truly; I dare say the pretty widow would not thank you for it. Take my advice, Frank, if she is gentle and kind and warm-hearted, win her if you can. If *she marries you*, it must



be for *love*, as it certainly can't be for *money*; and now, good bye: I wanted you to walk with me, but it is now too late, so I will leave you to your *brown study*."

"Ah," sighed Frank, as her cheerful face disappeared from his view; "if I could but find as true-hearted a creature as that dear sister of mine, I should have little fear for my future happiness. But I dare not tell her all my cares; I could not tell her that even while I believe the lovely Julia Brambleton might be won, I am restrained from the pursuit by the remembrance of her past life. Why did she marry that cross old man? How can so young and gentle a creature be mercenary and selfish? Yet would she have wedded age and ill temper, if she had not been both? Heigho! she is very beautiful; I wish I had never seen her. But I must not sit moping here; my health requires regular exercise, and I suppose Mrs. Brambleton thinks the same of herself, for I always met her at this hour in Broadway.—Heigho!" and so saying, the young doctor brushed his best broadcloth coat, dusted his shining boots, pulled his snowy wristbands down, and his immaculate collar up, grasped his slender little cane, and sallied forth.

As he had expected, he met Mrs. Brambleton, shrouded in the 'weeds of deepest woe.' She invited him to attend her home, one of her servants being ill with a cold, and she wished his medical skill exerted in her behalf. Of course Frank was delighted. He prescribed for the girl—complimented the old mother on her good looks, (N. B., she had a face like that of a Chinese lion or a Nankin jar,) and made himself so agreeable to the widow, that dinner was served before he thought of taking leave. But he was wise enough to decline the fair dame's invitation to remain and take a family dinner with them, for he had espied a warning glance in the old lady's eye, and a gathering cloud upon her brow, which, knowing her economical habits, he had tact enough to interpret into a presage of a meagre bill of fare.

The sickness of the domestic brought Frank Erldon to Mrs. Brambleton's house every day, and, as the housemaid had no greater objection to idleness and good nursing, than the doctor to a *tete-a-tete* with his charming mistress, seven weeks elapsed before she became convalescent. During all this time, Frank had availed himself of his opportunities, and had made himself so agreeable to the young widow, that she learned to anticipate his daily visit as a pleasant interruption to the monotony of her secluded life. It was no wonder, therefore, that he became deeply fascinated with her loveliness. Beautiful and gentle, she appeared before him in all the bloom of early womanhood, for the sunshine of three and twenty summers had brought to perfection the graces of her person, while it ripened the fine qualities of her character. There was a degree of timid reserve in her manner, which seemed less the effect of her natural disposition, than the result of parental and conjugal restraint, but, as this gradually wore off, her cheerfulness of temper added another charm to her loveliness. But still she was a riddle to her young lover. He could not reconcile her frankness, her simplicity, her high-toned delicacy of feeling, with the fact of her *marriage*. There could be but one motive for her union with the peevish old man, whom she had so recently buried, and Frank knew not how to explain so mercenary an act, without doubting the truth and nobleness of her character. He could not unravel the mystery of these incongruities, and he felt that the subject was one which he ought not to contemplate, for what benefit should he derive from being able to believe her the most exalted of her sex, since in loving her, he must subject himself to the same imputation under which *she* now labored? "No," sighed he to himself, "if she be the angel which she seems, there is only so much the greater necessity for me to fly her presence. I cannot bear the jeers of the world, nor will I go through life dependant upon a wife for the very bread I eat. I will summon resolution enough to cease my dangerous visits, and learn to think of her only as one whose gentle beauty shed a momentary gleam of sunshine over my lonely life."

Alas! for the frailty of human nature, and the weakness of a lover's vow. In less than three hours after having made this wise resolution, he was at the side of the pretty widow,

pacing that part of our beautiful Battery which has obtained the significant title of '*Declaration Avenue*!' The time, place, and circumstance, were such as have proved irresistible temptations to many a prudent youth. The moonbeams, which shed a flood of light over the less sheltered walks, here fell in broken gleams through the thick foliage, diffusing a sort of tender twilight which has always been found a fitting time for lovers to breathe their vows, and for ladies to hear them. There was a soft melancholy in the blue eyes of the fair widow, which might be the shadow of past grief, but which seemed much more like present tenderness.—Her heavy black veil was thrown aside, and her white forehead, her delicately-tinted cheek, her rosy mouth, had never appeared more lovely than when seen in that soft light. Frank felt his heart beating wildly at the touch of the small hand which rested on his arm, and, with the desperation of a man who finds himself on the brink of a precipice, without the strength to turn his steps aside, he yielded his whole soul up to the fascinations of the moment. Those words, which—however after life may fail to fulfil their promise—are never forgotten—the words of earnest tenderness—the outpourings of a heart filled with passionate love—were uttered in the ear of his beautiful companion, and were answered by a look—a sigh—a broken murmur—which disclosed a volume of reciprocal affection.

The first delicious trance of youth! Who does not remember the moment when the voice of a dear one first breathed into the heart the exquisite music of a lover's vow? Who can forget the hour when the words never to be recalled—the burning words which told that the happiness of another was placed in our keeping—first fell upon the charmed ear? Who does not look back to that 'green spot on memory's waste' with pleasant tears? Happy, thrice happy they, who, from the sweet shelter of domestic bliss, can look upon it, not as the *oasis* of a desert, but as the 'fountain of delight'—the pure source of life-long happiness!

"They loved, they were beloved:—said I not all in saying this?"

Alas! no: life is not poetry, and something more than love is necessary to actual existence, since Anacreon Moore—a very Solomon in such matters—has declared that "not e'en Love can live on flowers." They parted at the widow's door, and while she retired to enjoy, in solitude, the excitement of a *first* affection, her lover returned to his home to reflect upon the irrevocable vow which he had uttered, and to ponder on his future prospects. His joy at finding himself beloved, did not blind him to the consciousness of his precipitancy, and, while *she*, with a true woman's feeling, thought only of the *love*, *prudential calculations* were allowed to mingle their base alloy with the pure gold of his affections. Not that our friend, the doctor, was selfish or mercenary; far from it; but he dreaded the opinion of society—he feared to be considered interested in his views, and he was tortured by the thought that the beautiful widow would be accused of having *bought him* at the price for which she had formerly *sold herself*. A sleepless night was the result of his agitated feelings, and the morning found him a prey to both headache and heartache.

He was sitting sad and solitary in his office—feeling and looking more like a criminal than a successful lover, when a packet from his lady-love was placed in his hands. Without heeding the other papers, he opened her letter.

"Do not come to me to-day," she wrote. "I am too much disquieted to see you, and I would have you to fully understand my feelings and my position, before we meet again. I was scarcely six years of age when my mother, (whom the death of my father had reduced to poverty,) obtained the situation of housekeeper to the late Mr. Brambleton. He was rich and eccentric, and pleased with my childish caresses, he determined to educate me as an adopted daughter. Of course my mother was rejoiced, and no pains were spared to inspire me with a lively sense of gratitude towards my benefactor. Peevish as he was to others, he was always gentle to me, and, as a child soon learns to love those from whom it receives daily kindness, I repaid all his bounties with sincere affection. I suppose I was the only living creature who *did* love him, and he was not insen-

sible to the unusual gratification, for he certainly lavished upon me all the indulgence of a parent.

"What my mother's views were, at that time, I cannot pretend to determine; she probably expected that he would make me his heir, and therefore sought to establish between us the relation of parent and child; but as I grew older, her ideas on the subject underwent a great change. Mr. Brambleton's distant relatives began to clamor against my mother's artifices, and they did not hesitate to avow their intention to dispute any will which might be made in my favor. This excited my mother's apprehension, and a scandalous rumor which was invented by the same persons, determined her to alter her plans. They dared to say that I was the natural daughter of Mr. Brambleton, and thus my mother's fame suffered from the kindness which had been lavished upon her child by a solitary old man. I will not detail the arts which were practised upon him and upon me. His implacable hatred to his relations, his old-fashioned ideas of propriety, his dread of leaving a stain upon his spotless character, influenced him to adopt my mother's suggestions, and to make me *his wife*, in order to prove to the world that I was not *his child*. As for me, I was scarcely sixteen—inexperienced and ignorant, loving my mother and Mr. Brambleton better than the whole world beside—judge, then, how easily I was persuaded to adopt any course, which would rescue from obloquy their good name. The very idea of the slander was agony to my pure mind, and it was with a feeling of romantic heroism, at which I could now smile, were it a less serious matter, that I consented to give my hand to my aged benefactor. I stood at the altar with a sense of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, worthy of the days of the old Romans, and fancied that by thus consecrating my life to gratitude, I was acting a similar part to the *nun* who condemns herself to a cloister from mistaken piety. Do not smile at my folly, dear Frank; I was a romantic, novel-reading girl, full of enthusiastic feeling—can you wonder that I suffered myself to be thus misled?

"As I grew older, I learned my error, and I found, by sad experience, that the marriage which I considered an example of heroic disinterestedness, appeared to the world a grossly necessary act. The pain which I endured from this knowledge, first awakened me from the idle dreams of visionary youth, to a consciousness of womanly duties. But my life was now embittered by the quarrels between my mother and my husband. She had expected to assume a different station in his household, and to be treated as his mother-in-law, while he was determined she should never be any other than his hired house-keeper; this, of course, led to perpetual disputes, in which I was obliged to preserve a perfect neutrality. I had purchased at a heavy cost, the knowledge of my mother's mercenary spirit, and it was natural that I should distrust her counsels for the future. Mr. Brambleton, always prudent and watchful for my good, advised me, even as an anxious parent, and, of course, I was disposed to obey his wishes in preference to all others. A wearisome life has been mine during the last six years. I longed for quiet even if it were to be found no where but in the hovel of poverty, and I learned to realize the full force of the wise man's saying—'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' During the last year of Mr. Brambleton's life, he seemed to distrust even me, for the ill-judged importunities of my mother respecting his *will*, had led him to doubt the sincerity of my affection. When he was so suddenly cut off by death, I did not, (*as you know*) pretend to weep for him as if he had been the object of my passionate love; but I wept for him as a kind and indulgent parent. It was not until his will was opened, that I discovered how deeply suspicion had taken root in his mind.

"Frank, dear friend, will it disappoint you to learn that you have wooed one who, by loving you, has forfeited all her wealth? Do I not judge you aright, when I feel assured that it is my affection you seek, and not my fortune? If not, then are you this moment free. If you sought only the heiress of Mr. Brambleton's estate, then do I release you from your vows, for, the moment that I promise to become your wife, I cease to have any claim to that estate. The provisions of the will are such that I enjoy the whole income

during my widowhood, with the privilege of bequeathing the principal to whom I will, at my death—if I die a widow; but if I marry, an annuity of one thousand dollars is all I shall receive, while the bulk of the fortune is directed to be then bestowed upon the heirs of a certain lady to whom Mr. Brambleton was attached in his youth, and from whom he was separated on account of his poverty. It is a queer will, but not more so than the testator."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, as he read thus far, "then I am in a pretty scrape! How the deuce am I to live on a thousand a year, with a wife accustomed to spend more than that at the fancy shops?"

"Now, dear Frank, ponder well on what I have told you, and give me a candid expression of your feelings. I can cheerfully bear with poverty for your sake, but I will not increase the hardships of your lot. If you really love me, as I believe—and shall I add—as I hope you do, our course is plain."

"Yes, the course is plain enough," muttered Frank to himself. "We must either separate, or starve in each other's company—or—stay, there is one other alternative. We can pledge our faith to each other, and then wait for better times. But would it not be base and selfish to make that lovely creature waste the best years of her life in 'hope deferred'? Can I, as a man of honor, enter into an engagement which I cannot fulfil for long years to come? No, no, dearest Julia, I will deal frankly with you—I will open my whole heart to you, and if you are willing to bide the time and share the fortune of a poor physician, we may yet be happy. But what's this," exclaimed he, as he picked up a paper which had dropped at his feet. It was inscribed—"Copy of the last Will and testament of Solomon Brambleton."

"What the deuce do I want with that?" thought Frank; "however, I may as well look at it. What a long-winded affair it is."

"I, Solomon Brambleton, of the city and county of —, being in sound mind, etc., etc.,"

"Fudge!"

"Do give, devise, and bequeath, etc.,"

"Ah! here is the pith and marrow of the business."

"But in case the said Julia Brambleton should marry a second time, thereby forgetting her duty to the husband of her youth, and a proper respect to his memory, then I do hereby authorize my said executors to pay to the said Julia, only the sum of one thousand dollars annually, during the term of her natural life. In the event of the second marriage of my said wife, I do give, devise, and bequeath all my estate, real and personal, (reserving only the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to be held in trust for the payment of the aforementioned annuity,) to Catharine Belford, formerly of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, England; and to her heir or heirs, wheresoever they may be found."

"What! can it be possible!" exclaimed the astounded Frank; he read on:

"In case no such heirs be found within ten years after such marriage of my said wife, then I give all my estate to be divided equally among my heirs-at-law. I wish them fully to understand, that I still hate them most cordially for reasons which they will remember, and I only give them this remote interest in my estate, in order to ensure full obedience to my wishes herein expressed, since their covetousness is my security that they will keep a watchful eye over the future conduct of my first named legatee."

Frank started up, flung the will to the ceiling, and caught it as it fell—tossed the widow's letter into the fire—snatched it out again, and begrimed his face with coal-smoke as he pressed the rescued epistle to his lips. In short he acted like a mad-man for the next five minutes. What did it all mean? Was he crazed with disappointment? We shall see.

Just one year after the death of Solomon Brambleton, Esq., a bridal party was assembled in the richly-furnished drawing-room which had never before been thrown open to guests since it had admitted the old gentleman's funeral



train. The bride looked very beautiful in her embroidered satin robe and Brussels veil; and those skilled in such mysteries, did not fail to notice that a band of diamonds occupied the place of the maiden wreath of orange-blossoms. Quiet, calm, and self-possessed, she assumed no girlish airs of bashfulness, but appeared gentle, dignified and womanly. Frank had never appeared to more advantage than when, with a flush of joy on his cheek, and a triumphant smile playing around his handsome mouth, he led his beautiful Julia into the room, in the full view of the whole assemblage.

Among the guests were two elderly gentlemen, cotemporaries of the late Mr. Brambleton, and executors of his whimsical will. "What a pity," exclaimed one, a jolly-visaged, good-humored old man, "what a pity that the widow should lose all this fine fortune for the sake of a young fellow's good looks. I only hope that she has not bought her humor at too high a rate."

"It's no pity at all," growled his vinegar-faced companion; "one husband is enough for a woman, and if she will be fool enough to take another, she deserves to be punished. I mean to advertise to-morrow for the heirs of this Catharine Belford, whoever she is."

"What is the use of being in such a hurry about it?" said the other.

"Oh, because it is a troublesome business, and the sooner we get it off our hands, the sooner we shall get our commissions for managing the estate."

"Shall I save you the trouble of advertising, gentlemen?" said a voice behind them. Both turned in surprise, and beheld the handsome face of Frank Erlden. "Excuse me for having accidentally overheard your conversation, but I am thus enabled to spare you some inconvenience," said Frank, with a smile; the heirs whom you seek are at this moment before you. Allow me to introduce you to my sister, Mary, and to inform you that she and your humble servant are the only living representatives of our maternal grandmother, Catherine Belford. The proofs of my assertion shall be laid before you to-morrow, and when you are fully satisfied of our identity, I can assure you, gentlemen, that your commissions shall be promptly and cheerfully paid."

"I don't believe a word of it," growled the cross old fellow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the other. "If this is not a hoax, it is a capital trick for cheating the ghost of a suspicious old husband. Does Mrs. Brambleton—does your wife, I mean, know all this?"

"To be sure she does; she was willing to forfeit her wealth for the sake of her lover, and she is now quite content to share the fortunes of her husband's heir. Nor must she be censured for obeying the impulses of a susceptible heart. Where there are no recollections of past tenderness to link the living with the dead, even golden fetters are not strong enough to bind the affections."

BROOKLYN, L. I.

## The World of London.

Folks in the provinces have extraordinary notions of London. Some call it Babylon the Great; others facetiously style it the "Village;" Coleridge called it the "Leviathan;" Cobbett stigmatized it as the great "Wen;" and the author of the *Fool of Quality*, (Brooke,) who was at times rather poetical, denominated it a mausoleum of dead souls—a vast psychological cemetery. These high authorities are all wrong; London is neither Babylon the Great, nor a village, nor a leviathan, nor a wen—in short, we may say of London what the late ingenuous Mr. Abernethy said of life:—Life, gentlemen, said Abernethy, is life; and London, gentlemen, says Maga, is London!

A strange combination of faculties must have vivified the mind of the man who took it in his head to imagine London a town—a sizeable town, with a pretty considerable sprinkling of humanity cutting in all directions about the streets.

London a town! Bless your dear innocent little hearts, and keep you in a blissful state of primitive know-nothing-

ness! London a town, forsooth! No such thing—nor even a county, notwithstanding all the wagers that have been decided to the contrary—nor yet a province—nor even a nation; it is just as much of an island as the island of Barataria; it is not a continent—or two, or three—

What is it, then, in the name of goodness?

Impatient reader, if you had not interrupted me, I was going to say London is a world—a world, reader, in itself; but as you have no patience, I shall not say what London is, but leave you to find out by your learning.

A town London assuredly is not; it may, if you please, be a collection of neighborhoods. A town implies a coherence of parts—an integrity of the whole—a centre, with a church and a market-place, and suburbs, with dirty lanes and puddles to tumble into; with a clergyman, doctor, lawyer, editors of rival newspapers, and several hundred (every man in the place, in short,) other great men, with gossips, tale-bearers, and scandal-mongers to match; and (which I had almost forgot) a board, with big letters on it, at each end of the town, intimating to the naked, houseless, and hungry outcast of society, that if he does not rather perish in the fields, he will, on entering the town, "be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

London has none of these local or provincial attributes. There is no harmony of parts, no aggregation, no coherence; each neighborhood is, in appearance, joined to its next door neighbor, but it is only in appearance; there is no sympathy, no congeniality of tastes, habits, feelings, or pursuits, between neighborhoods severed only by the width of the street, or by the jutting out of a corner; and the inhabitants, for all they know of one another, are at as great a distance as the natives of China and Peru. Will any one point out to me the topographical affinity between West-end and Mile-end; between St. Giles's in the Fields, and St. George's, Hanover Square; between St. Martin le Grand, who has the honor of being the landlord of the post-office, and St. Martin in the Fields, who is equally proud of his noble church; between Whitechapel and White Conduit Fields; between the Green Park and Bethnal Green; between Hoxton Square and Grosvenor Square; between Belgrave Place and Brick Lane; not to mention ten thousand other cities, villages, hamlets, and towns included—not in London town, for there is no such thing—but within the bills of mortality?

The fact is, as I said before, London is a great world; and let all manner of persons to whom these presents shall come greeting, henceforward and for ever take care to talk of the great world, instead of the great city, town, or village, as heretofore, of London. London is a great world—a world of its own—a "great globe itself"—a collection of provinces, —an aggregation of neighborhoods—an abiding-place of approximated nations.

Look at the map, and, if you doubt me, convince yourself. Behold, within the Arctic circle, as I may call it, the migratory Esquimaux of Camden town; regard Highgate steeple as the North Pole, beyond which no human Londoner was ever able to progress; behold the Antarctic regions of Wandsworth, Kennington Common, and Peckham Rye; and cast your astonished eye over the vast continent of Southwark, which, with its adjacent islands of Lambeth and Rotherhither; and the archipelagic neighborhoods of Kent Road, St. George's in the Fields, Bethlem Hospital, and the Marsh Gate, make up the Australasian territory of our southern metropolitan hemisphere.

Crossing the equinoctial line, (popularly called the River Thames,) you arrive at length in Europe. Germany, I believe, may be represented, but this is uncertain, by the unexplored regions, as the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker terms them, in the vicinity of Russell Square—at all events, in these districts there is a great demand for metaphysics and tobacco, the only articles wherein the Germans were ever known to excel. Petty France you will find in the neighborhood of the Tower—William Harrison Ainsworth will tell you all about it. La Jeune France you will find worthily represented in the penny cigar-shops, sixpenny eating houses, and threepenny-halfpenny billiard-rooms of the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Poland is a little north-

ward of this in the same direction. Wapping and Rother-hither are United States, distinguished by their tobacco-chewing and their long line of coast. Spitalfields is Hungary. The Tower Hamlets, presided over by its fortress, may represent the military government of Prussia. Hampstead and Highgate may worthily do duty as a little Switzerland. The four provinces of Ireland are found, *mutato nomine*, in Calmell Buildings, Lant Street, the Almonry, and St. Giles's. The City, the soul and life of the great mass—the heart towards which, and from which, as in the human body, all other portions grow and are subsidiary—in its industry, intelligence, free spirit, and untiring enterprize, is the worthy representative, in our microcosm, of little England; while Scotland—that is, Scotchmen—are, in the mass and out of it, to be found—every where.

So much for geographical distinctions—the natural boundaries of the several nations that compose the mighty world of London; now for the natives themselves.

Not, even in their native lands, do the various races of men who huddle together in the world of London preserve more strictly their idiosyncracies—their national peculiarities—their marked expression of face, tone of voice, manner, customs, religion, prejudices, passions, and all the items that together make up the national character, than in London.—Notwithstanding all that might reasonably be presumed to the contrary, of the efficacy of immense attrition and perpetual collision with other nations and other men that London affords, in rounding off the hard angles of national peculiarities, it so happens, unfortunately for the theory, that there is less intercourse between the natives of different nations in London, than at the several seaports of the respective countries. There is, it may be, intercourse; but it is an intercourse that precludes intimacy—the intercourse of the man who wants to sell dear—'tis an intercourse of business, not of sociality. Thus, the marked characteristics of the different individuals of the great human family who mingle without amalgamation, like fluids of different specific gravities, in the vast ocean of London, remain, from age to age, the same.—The Hebrew of Bevis Mark, Houndsditch, and St. Mary Axe, is the Hebrew of the days of the Confessor. The dairymaid who carries the milking-pail at Islington or Hackney, is as much an ancient Briton as the Llewellyn. The canny Scot has lost neither his accent nor his nationality; and the Irish are in as hopeless a condition as if they still resided on the paternal "sod."

The truth is, whether as regards individuals or masses of men, the world of London is the very worst world in the universe to rub off national or individual peculiarities of thought or action: there, let a man be of what humor he may, he will meet with men of his humor; let a man be of what country he may, he will meet with men of his country; and, as a state of solitude in crowds is a state of torture, it is not to be wondered at that the solitary man finds sympathy in the society of other solitary men, or that an exiled people clings fondly to the countenance and support of individuals who feel with them the like wants, and the like necessities.

In towns, much more in villages, a man cannot afford to be solitary; he is marked, and stigmatized as an eccentric, misanthrope, and so forth. There are a thousand stupid stories afloat respecting him; he was crossed in love, he failed in trade, or he killed a man in a duel—all agree that he is no better than he should be; and the town becoming very soon too hot to hold him, he escapes some fine morning, and hides his solitude and himself in the great world of London.

Eccentricity of any kind is not, *cannot* be tolerated in a country place—eccentric old women were, not many half-centuries ago, burned on suspicion of being witches—that is to say, eccentrics. In London, on the contrary, there is no eccentricity too eccentric; no solitary not indulged with solitude; and, whether a man chooses to stand on his head or his heels, so that he stands out of the way, makes not the smallest difference to any human being save himself.

There is no place where the isolation of individual man is more complete than in London: the great machine of society revolves, like the tread wheel, by the labors of individuals

"Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,"

who, while they walk "their weary round," know only that they are putting in their time, but remain in ignorance whether the machine picks oakum, raises water, or grinds suc-cory; who are unconscious, in a word, of the grand results of that machine revolving by their individually powerless, but united, all-powerful exertion. In London, few know their next door neighbor; and still less do they reflect how much, without knowing him, they are obliged to their next door neighbor. Our neighbors in the world of London, do the thousand little offices of kindness without interchanging a word with us—put money in our pockets without our knowing it, and enhance, strangers to us though they be, all the little pleasures of a highly civilized society. In London every individual man revolves in two orbits; first, round his own axis in his individual sphere of action, be it little or great, narrow or widely extended; he revolves also with the huge mass of which he is but an atom, but which is, nevertheless, carried onwards in its course by the united exertion of aggregated atoms like himself.

Thus, although society in London is individually discordant, it forms an universal harmony; and although the interests of any one man may appear directly in opposition to the interests of any other man, as regards the whole mass they are really the same. I regard the crowds of human faces who

"Come like shadows, so depart"—

who flit by me in the streets like the faces of a dream, never to be again seen, as my very good friends: they lower the price of the necessities of life for me; they enable me to hear a very excellent concert for a shilling, which, without their kind assistance, I could not listen to under a hundred pounds, if at any price. Their competition with one another, with the tradesmen and with me, enables every one of us to have every thing cheaper and better, and what is of equal importance, more ready to our hand, than any where else; and thus, without being under particular obligations to any, we are each of us under general obligations to all.

There is no misapprehension so general among provincials than that London is an expensive place: the amazing dear-ness of the hotels, of the shops, of pictures, jewellery, and plate; of carriages, horses, and harness; of house rent, and house equipage; in short, of every thing—is the theme of the country gentleman, and the country gentlewoman, when they return to their patrimonial demesne after spending May, June, and July—very expensive months, by the way—in furnished lodgings; but it is not so. The fact is decidedly the reverse. London, so far from being the dearest place, is, vanity and folly apart, the cheapest place in the known world. This I am prepared to prove by logic irrefragable.

Cheapness is not to be considered alone with regard to price, nor to price and quality together; but in addition to these, or rather in preference to these, the possibility of getting every thing you want, in whatever quantity you want it, *how* and *as* you want it. London, pre-eminently, affords you this grand criterion of cheapness. You can have every article, and that of the best quality, in any—the least quantity; you can have what you want, and exactly in the quantity you want it. In provincial towns the reverse of this is often—in places of less importance, *always*—the fact. If you live in a village, and want, for example, a sirloin of beef for your Sunday's dinner, you find that it has been bespoken by the Squire. You inquire, failing this, for a leg of mutton; but the last has just been sent off to the parsonage—the rector being very fond of a boiled leg of mutton, with caper sauce, on Sundays. The end of it is, you are fain to put up with a shoulder—a joint you detest—and for which, after all, you are compelled to pay a penny a-pound more than you could have it for in London. In the country it is the same with every thing else: every thing is scarce when you want it, dear when you want it; and if you very urgently want it, you are certain of not being able to procure it for love or money. Within pistol-shot of the spot where I am now writing, on the contrary, every human want may (for money) be super-abundantly supplied. There is, almost within call, a bank, a post-office, a public school, all



sorts of tradesmen, a physician, an undertaker, and a cemetery. Vast sums of money may, it is true, be laid out in town—the lust of the eye is exposed to a thousand temptations which press heavily upon the pocket—but expensive places are not necessarily dear. The careless rich are robbed mercilessly in London, and they find London dear enough—the careless poor are in the like predicament. But the provident rich and the provident poor—the managing rich and the managing poor—find, I repeat, every article that custom has made necessary to man's enjoyment, as cheap, if not cheaper, in London, than in any place in the habitable globe. It is the affectation of social life, the necessities of fashion, the requirements of vanity, that melt noble fortunes in London—and the temptations that weakness of judgment is here subjected to; THAT is to be charged, not against the place, but against the man. The man who has lived in London long enough to subdue this lust of the eye, wonders how little he wants; and as for him who cannot, or will not, subdue it, it were better for his heirs that he were born blind. Living or dead, the advantage of London is in being equally near what the great Samuel Johnson delighted to call a man's "humor."

By the way, I am happy in being able to quote that great man as an authority in favor of the vast advantages, physical and intellectual, of the London world, over every other world in either hemisphere: "Sir," the great man used to say to his shadow, the immortal Bozzy, on emerging from the quiet solitude of Bolt Court into the living cataract of Fleet Street, "talk of prospects, sir!—this is the most sublime and picturesque combination of objects within the periphery of our terraqueous ball!" Again, on Boswell beginning, as men will when they get in their cups, or become doting through age, "to babble of green fields" in his small-beer way, the venerable sage at once silenced the shadow with, "Sir, no man that is at all intellectual will leave London. No, sir, when he has exhausted London, he has exhausted life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

Again, on Bozzy hinting that the fields were pretty in summer time, and that the country might be tolerated for a day or so, by way of a change—the lexicographer broke in with, "No, sir, there is nothing a man has to do, that cannot be done better in town; to be sure, if a man were to go for a year to study a science, he might choose to look out upon a green field instead of upon a dead wall; besides, if a man walks out in the country, he knows when he shall come in again; but if he walks out in London he does not know when he shall come in again."

How infinitely did the venerable sage delight in the ceaseless hum of men—the hive of this vast metropolis was the first place in the world to that busy bee—he loved to swell the full tide of human existence that rolls along Fleet Street at four of the clock, and to turn in with Bozzy to their customary dinner at the Mitre. "Let us dine, sir," observes the sage to the ever attendant Bozzy—"let us dine, sir, at the Mitre, to keep up the old custom—the custom of the Manor—the custom of the Mitre."

Nor is it all to be wondered at that the great Samuel Johnson ever fondly clung to the vast metropolis as to his proper sphere. London resembled his own mind, vast and gigantic—full of images perpetually recurring in unaccustomed novelty, and ever furnishing that excitement so pleasurable, and, indeed, so necessary to minds whose aspirations are ever for the lofty, the noble, and the new. The Doctor illustrated his own love of London well, when he said, that "A man's mind grows narrow in a narrow place." London alone was large enough for him: there alone is the pursuit of knowledge and of fame without limited bounds; there alone is that petty vanity of tritonizing among the minnows properly rebuked; there alone is a man sure of always finding his superiors in talent, learning, and virtue; there alone he is sure, as long as he lives, of having something to hope for—something to look up to—something to aim at—something that gives to life and its pursuits the excitement of a fox-chase; and, if it cannot enable a man to kill time, at least assists in cheating him of

his weariness. "If you would know," says Lacon, "and be not known, live in a town; if you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village." There is, to a man engaged in any of the multifarious pursuits of London life, no time for vegetation; he must be alive, and all alive, or London is no world for him. Those unoccupied by labor, to be sure, come not within this category; for lassitude is, in town as country, the concomitant curse of idleness; and he who makes every day a holiday, can know little of the luxury of a day of rest.

Excitement is the food of noble minds, and it is in London that that intellectual provender is provided most abundantly—hence the vast aggregation of talent of every kind, from the world of the provinces to the world of London. Hope, too, clad in her brightest array, encircled by a halo of clouds, which partially concealing, renders her the more attractive, draws to this great world, above which she sits enthroned, crowds of suitors, allured by her deceptive blandishments to become aspirants for the hand of fortune. But the goddess is a rare coquette—a very Penelope—who unravels in a night the web of that good fortune she has been at work for many a day, and leaves the humble wooer of the golden goddess as far as ever from his end, but as hopeful as ever of his means. Hence, London becomes the arena of that ceaseless conflict, stimulated by hope, for the possession of fortune, which forms the business of men; every day brings a new accession of combatants eager for the fray, and every day sees the wounded, the defeated, and the dispirited, retire from the field. [I never see a coach rattle through one of the avenues to town, without imagining it freighted with buoyant hopes and confident anticipations; nor do I ever behold a waggon wend its weary way in the silence of night out of the skirts of the metropolis, without a pang for the broken prospects and shattered hopes concealed beneath its tattered canopy. How interesting would it not be, if we could ascertain how many hope-deluded souls came with each setting-sun to London; and how many broken spirits, on the contrary, retire from its wearisome precincts with the dawn of each returning day! How pregnant with instruction, to the mind seeking after wisdom, are the very streets! How curious—recollecting that, in fifty years, that jostling crowd will, with few exceptions, be mingled with the silent dust—to observe the eagerness with which, as if life and death depended upon a moment, they hurry hither and thither—scarcely taking time to see whether they can with safety pass across the street, nor pausing for an instant, though a fellow creature be in the last agonies of death! How full of meaning every face—how many romances may we read in them—how many "plays in five, and operas in three acts" meet us, as we stroll along! I know not how it is, but books and men are so jumbled together in the chambers of my brain, that even now, as I saunter idly down Ludgate Hill, I seem to encounter a living library. A dapper spruce octavo, in drab cloth, gilt, but not lettered, runs against me full tilt. I have scarcely escaped him, when I am pushed into the kennel by a dusty-faced folio of divinity. A pair of robust quartos, handsomely bound, with half-a-dozen chubby duodecimos, block me up at the corner; half-starved pamphlets, seedy and thin, with ragged covers, flit by me in all directions; a comedy in five acts, rosy and plump, with whom every thing has gone well through the run of life, swaggers smilingly along the street; close behind, with a melancholy pride of look, as if it loathed the bustle and the business it has no part in, an undoubted tragedy slinks silently along; while fashionable novels, in all the approved styles of the day, bent only on amusement, publish themselves and their attractions in easy negligence from one end of the metropolis to the other.

Such is the aspect our crowded avenues present to a book worm; and seeing them thus, he reflects, not impertinently, on the common lot of books and men.

MARRIAGE.—One of Mahomet's rules for securing happiness in the married state was thus: "Wives behave to your husbands in the same manner that they behave to you."

### The Bridegroom's Probation.

A young Englishman, from gaming, love-affairs, and other such gold-scattering enjoyments, had so nearly reached the dregs of his great-grandfather's hereditary portion, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. As one evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation which he habitually frequented, feeble in body as in mind, and, for the first time in his life, casting a firm look upon the ruin of his fortune, he could not well determine, whether he should end his troubles by drawing a trigger, or by throwing himself into the Thames.

While he thus wavered between fire and water, the very profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands upon himself, but to allow himself to be conducted out of the labyrinth of poverty by the fair hand of some wealthy bride.—With this consoling thought he went to bed, and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid racers flew, the fair girls frisked around him, both of which, he was happy in thinking he might maintain in future upon the dowry of his wife.

On the following morning, he reflected anew upon his plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point excepting the very slight circumstance of not knowing when or where he was to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London, where all the world regarded him as a spendthrift, it was not once to be thought of: he saw that for the future he must throw his nets out elsewhere.

After much cogitation and searching, he at last hit upon an old rich colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who fortunately had no acquaintances in London, and was the father of an only daughter.

Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend, to whom he promised half the booty, he got himself introduced and received. The daughter of the colonel was an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks like Rubens's cherubins, and looked particularly odd in the hand-me-down attire of her sainted mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not of the most fashionable cut. Her mind, too, was as attractive as her attire; she could only talk of hens and geese; and when any other topic came above-board, her conversation was limited to a "yes, yes," or a "no, no;" all beyond this seemed to her sinful.

This wooden puppet was indeed a mighty contrast to the sprightly, gay, and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had, until this period, been toying; but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feeling of this heaven-and-earth distant difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness celestial innocence, and red, swollen cheeks, he likened to the beauty of the full-blown damask rose. The end of the song was, he turned to the father, and sued warmly for his daughter's hand.

The colonel, during his sixty years' career through the world, had collected this much knowledge of mankind, that however slyly the young man had masked himself, he could, nevertheless, discover the fortune-hunter peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter; but on the other hand, he thought, "the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice; he, as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who is marriageable, remain longer at home? His request shall be granted,—but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a decisive trial."

The suitor was then informed that the father had no objections to the match, provided his daughter would give her consent; and she, poor thing, replied as in duty bound—"My father's will is mine." Indeed, could any thing else be expected?

In the course of a few weeks, the marriage ceremony was performed at the country-house of the colonel, and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter, and solemnly vowed that he had not, as yet, thought on such things, but had regarded only the noble qualities of his

charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures of the world.

Upon this they sat down to table, and the father-in-law urged and begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young married people should set off that very afternoon for London, and that he should accompany them.

The son-in-law was confounded, and began to make some excuses about travelling on the first day of his happiness; but the soldier maintained that these were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that his matrimonial joys would be as well realized in London as in the country. What was to be done? Why the journey was immediately undertaken.—The old man secured in a small casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom, the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank notes, took it under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

The road ran through a forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it, when two horsemen darted out from the brushwood, with masks upon their faces, and stopped the carriage. One of the persons watched the postillion with a presented pistol, while the other approached the coach window, and said, "We are adventurers, and request you to give us up instantly the portion of the bride!"

The colonel and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber coolly insisted upon his demand. After some parleying, however, the horseman bent towards the young man, and whispered in his ear, "That you may see we are most reasonable men, we leave you the choice of two things,—give us either the bride or her portion; for certain reasons it is quite immaterial to us, and, moreover, no one shall ever know your decision."

The bridegroom did not think long about the matter, for he whispered, "Take the bride!" "Brother," cried the robber to his accomplice, "we shall take the bride!"

In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck, shook him violently, and exclaimed with a thundering voice, "Ha! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, that you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune! God be praised that my child and my money are not yet irrevocably in your clutches! Know, then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since, then, you have laid open your whole villainess, we shall have no more connexion. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil!"

With these words he transplanted the astonished bridegroom with a kick from the carriage to the road, and ordered the postillion to turn about. The outlaw trudged back to London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should now use a pistol, or throw himself into the river.

AN ECCENTRIC.—About a month ago a man, wretchedly dressed, wearing a broad and shabby hat, and carrying a pair of shoes hung to his neck *en forme de sautoir*, presented himself at the Hotel de Provence, at Gap, kept by M. Borel. "I am," said he, "a poor traveller, who have but just what I want to accomplish my journey; if you will shelter me for a night I shall be most grateful, provided you do not put me to too great expense." "Sup first," replied M. Borel, "and then go to bed; we have vacant beds usually occupied by waggons; you will pay me what you please." After a humble meal, the stranger went up to the bedroom, expressing his wish for a change of linen, which Monsieur Borel immediately complied with. Next morning, at dawn, the traveller, who was ready to resume his journey, called for the landlord, flung a forty-franc piece on the table, adding, that, his expenses paid, the remainder was for the servants, and took his departure, leaving every body astounded at his liberality. On the evening of the same day the arrival of a splendid equipage at the Hotel de Provence explained the mystery. The poor pedestrian of the day before was no other than Lord



Alford, travelling *incog.*, in order to study the manners of France, and followed at a day's distance by his carriage and servants. This Lord is the same mentioned last year in the *Mercure Apostalien*. We saw at Aix his equipage, consisting of eight carriages, and we were then assured, that that wealthy Englishman had 120,000 francs a month to spend.—*Gazette du Midi*.

## THE BELL OF ST. REGIS. A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAWRIE TODD."

\* \* \* Father Nicholas having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high roofed and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay, and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church is celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, Father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church; and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected and shipped for Havre de Grace, and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New England privateer, and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher, the Rev. John Williams, was appointed. With much labor it was carried to the village, and duly elevated to the belfry.

When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptised state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuits' College at Quebec informed Father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion.

The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop; then simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colors for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff and a cross on the top of it, headed them; and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departure of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to Lake Champlain. The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode in a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of Lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way; no symptom of regret, fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield.—Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in this march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery,—a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow-storms of later times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different; animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified—even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the labor of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdoms of the saints and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages by the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having

been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and cracked beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the American garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this ingenious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place. The French fought with their accustomed spirit, and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, though bravely defended, and the buildings set on fire.

At day break all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep; and it was to the simple ears of the Indians as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homeward, exulting in the deliverance of the "miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace, and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of lake Champlain, they buried it with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and, having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the mean time all the squaws and papooses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations.—One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods.—It rose louder and louder. They listened, they wondered, and began to shout and cry, "It is the bell!"

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphal array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of Le longue Saulte rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple, and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.

**MAHOMEDAN TRADITION.**—The Mahomedans have a holy stone Hagiar Alasnad, which is of a cubical form. They entertain a great veneration for this stone, calling it "the Pearl of Paradise," which by its brightness formerly gave light to all the territory of Mecca; but the sins of mankind deprived it of its brilliancy, and changed its color to black. Their traditions of the place where it is fixed as a sacred talisman are curious. Adam and Eve, according to their creed, were

separated after their transgression. Adam was conducted by the spirit of God into Arabia, and advanced as far as Mecca. His footsteps diffused on all sides abundance and fertility. His figure was enchanting; his stature lofty; his complexion brown; his hair thick, long, and curled; and he then wore a beard and mostachios. After a separation of one hundred years, he rejoined Eve on Mount Arafath, near Mecca, an event which gave name to the mount, and signifies the Place of Remembrance.—*Freemasons' Quarterly Review.*

From the Ladies' Companion.

## To a Rainbow seen from a Town.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

Welcome thou beauteous messenger  
Of peace and promise too!  
Amidst the city's busy stir,  
What wonders canst thou do!  
A gush of heaven, where sordid earth  
Seemed only to have sway,  
Of purer light a sudden birth,  
Upon a common day!

Welcome! my heart was sore with care,  
My soul with earth was soiled;  
In crowded mart and thoroughfare,  
Long have I sorely toiled.  
Thou comest! blessings in thy smile,  
All fleeting though it be—  
Thou brightly com'st to reconcile  
My weary lot to me.

What blessed memories dost thou bring  
Of hopes and days gone by,  
When all my life was flowery spring,  
And rainbow-like my sky.  
When in thy blended hues I saw  
A vision of delight,  
And nought but happy dreams could draw  
From thee, the pure and bright!

How glad thou mad'st my childish heart,  
Traced on the rainy sky,  
How watched I then the clouds depart,  
And knew the sunshine nigh.  
How, over hill and heathery plain,  
I chased thy colors fair,  
And felt a vague delicious pain,  
To see thee melt in air!

What images thou wakenest now  
Of early scenes and days—  
How gleam'st thou o'er the mountain's brow,  
Fringing its crowning haze;  
How dost thou bathe the wild green wood,  
In liquid gem-light light;  
How dost the river's stately flood  
Give back thy radiance bright!

The spirits of a thousand flowers,  
The soul of every gem,  
Essence of birds from eastern bowers,  
Say, art thou formed from them?  
Or in such regal pomp outspread,  
With hues so splendid given;  
Art thou the bridge that angels tread,  
Between the earth and Heaven?

Oh, blessed art thou; graceful bow,  
Who canst such pictures bring—  
Oh, blessed thou, who makest flow  
Each wild imagining—  
But blessed most, that thou art yet  
To smile o'er earth allowed,  
To teach us God's own hand hath set  
"This bow within the cloud."

Liverpool, England, 1841.



From Colburn's Magazine for April.

## FELISE.

AN EPISODE IN THE "MEMOIRS DE LA REINE MARGUERITE."

BY MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Marc de Rye, Marquis de Varanbon, had been destined to an ecclesiastical life from his earliest years, and had never shown any disinclination to follow the wishes of his parents. Although distinguished for the manly beauty of his person, and his numerous accomplishments, and although he could not but be conscious of the admiration he excited, yet the pleasure of the world appeared to have no charms for him; and while he occasionally mixed in the gaieties of his brother's court, he felt no temptation to abandon the profession which had been chosen for him.

The Count de Varax, his brother, was Governor of Burgundy for Henry III. of France. His young wife, who had been accustomed to the splendors of a life at Paris, found the inferior attractions of her little sovereignty insipid, and sighed for the friends whom she had left so far away; in particular she languished for the society of her favorite sister Felise, who lived with her mother, Madame de Tournon, dame d'honneur to the young Queen of Navarre.

Madame de Tournon was of a harsh and proud disposition, and an unbending temper; and though extremely attached to her children, was strict to severity. She had long refused to part with Felise, the youngest of her family; but at length the entreaties of her married daughter prevailed, and she consented that on the next visit of the Countess de Varax to Paris, she should return with her for a time to Dijon.

Philibert, another brother of Marc de Rye, during the absence of the Count and Countess, had visited the Chateau de Rye, where Marc remained alone occupied with his studies, and leading a quite solitary life. The young soldier had a thousand things to relate, and his animation and enthusiasm amused and pleased his more sober and sedate brother; amongst other wonders of a recent sojourn in Paris, he had seen Felise de Tournon at the balls at court, and was warm in praise of her surpassing grace and beauty, and the fascinating simplicity of her manners.

"She is," he said to Marc, "all that can be pictured of purity and innocence, joined to high refinement and intellectual superiority. She combines the dignity of a woman with the playfulness of a child, and is infinitely more charming than any of the new beauties of this year."

"Alas! replied the philosophic recluse, "how vain and false, dear Philibert, is this description. Is she not a woman of rank and fashion? the friend of the gay and worldly Queen of Navarre—a beautiful image set up to excite admiration? and can you suppose that the mind can remain unsophisticated amidst this splendor and pride? Believe me, she is but like the rest of her sex, bred in cities—a charming coquette, who knows how to act her part well."

"You are wrong, Marc," replied his brother, somewhat piqued, "I have seen many exactly what you name, but Felise is a very different person. I have had an opportunity of comparing her with others, and she rises above the rest like the moon above the stars. It is not so much of her beauty that I speak, surpassing as it is; because what pleases one eye, may not affect another: her noble qualities her grace, and sweetness is her charm."

"Of what complexion is her beauty?" asked Marc.

"She is," replied Philibert, "dazzlingly fair, with eyes bright and soft, neither blue nor hazle, but the color of a clear spring in a bed of dark rock. The hair is of that rich tint which is brown in the shade, and her teeth are like a row of transparent shells; her color comes and goes continually and her eyes fill with tears at every sad word, or dance with joy at every gay one. She is, though full of grace and ease, timid, sometimes in the extreme, and seems to struggle with the feeling which makes her only the more interesting. Her conversation is spirited and brilliant, always replete with sense and meaning, but she is rather inclined to silence than

otherwise. Thus charming in the gay world, what will she be in these shades? it will be a pleasure indeed to have her here."

"Is then this goddess about to visit us?" inquired Marc with a slight blush.

"Had I forgotten to tell you so?" returned Philibert, laughing. "Yes, she returns with Mathilde, and in a few days you may judge for yourself of my divinity."

"I shall be but little here, and shall not interrupt your romance," said Marc; "for as I shall probably soon assume the habit, I have studies to attend to."

"Not yet, I trust, dear Marc," cried Philibert; "I cannot bear to hear of your quitting the world—you who are formed to grace it, to be loved and admired. But I have hopes; you will see Felise, and may yet change your mind."

"But you love her yourself," said the recluse, smiling.

"That might well have been," replied the brother; "but she has evinced no partiality for me: the man she will love must possess different and superior qualities. I am so impressed with this certainty, that I look upon her as a gem destined to belong to another. We have," he continued, significantly, "conversed about you, and she has some curiosity to behold the savage anchorite who renounces beauty and the world."

"You have not then spoken with the tongue of a lover!" said Marc. "Your testimony therefore may be more admissible; but I have no belief in paragons, and am prepared to resist temptation."

"Be not too confident, brother," answered the other. "I shall hear you speak differently some day."

This conversation, indifferent as it appeared, had nevertheless its effect on the proposed churchman; and often as he paced the sombre avenues of the adjoining monastery, where he was accustomed to spend much of his time, his thoughts were more distracted from his grave studies than he could inwardly approve of. His reason and his pride revolted against the weakness, yet the image of the fair unknown constantly recurred, and he found it difficult to banish the pleasing vision.

"She has a curiosity to see me," he mentally exclaimed, "to practise no doubt on one inexperienced in the arts of the sex, all the wiles of which she is mistress. She will come here in the pride of her charms, and will direct against me the arrows of her wit, the seductions of her grace; and if she can add another to the list of her victims, her end will be accomplished. This is the general aim of woman, but I have hitherto guarded against their frivolity and deceit; and she will find—but what am I dreaming? vain, unworthy idea! What glory could she gain by subduing me—an undistinguished, solitary recluse, vowed to the altar, voluntarily banished from society—she will see in me merely an object of respect from my sacred calling; or she will not think of me at all—more likely—why should she? why should we occupy ourselves with each other?"

He paused—"each other"—there was something in the thought which spoke of sympathy, of community—he strove to dwell upon it no more, and to fill his mind with reflections and meditations of a more serious and sacred nature.

Resolved to avoid the possibility of imprudence, he absented himself altogether from his brother's chateau, and passed all his hours in his cell in the abbey. During this time Felise arrived with the Countess at the castle, and for some time numerous guests engaged the attention of its inmates, and continued festivities welcomed the lovely stranger to her new abode. The Count was absent on a visit to the different towns in his government, and Philibert did the honors of his house in his place.

His lively sister-in-law had in vain summoned Marc to share their gaieties—he made constant excuses and evasions, and kept himself in gloomy seclusion, satisfied with the triumph he had gained over his inclinations.

But the Countess was not to be thus foiled; both she and her brother-in-law had a design to seduce the young churchman from his intention, and with thoughtless anxiety they sought to lead him into the snare. Accordingly one fine evening the party left their own grounds, and made an incursion into those of the abbey. Felise leant on the arm

of her sister, and Philibert marshalled them along the fine avenue of beeches which led to the entrance of the monastic building.

It lay in a deep valley at the foot of the hill on which the chateau stood, and its venerable towers were almost concealed by a thick wood: a clear lake spread out before one of the entrances, and over this it was the habit of the monks to ferry themselves, and frequently they loved to enjoy their solitary meditations, seated in the rude boat which floated along the surface like a large water bird. This was Marc's favorite recreation, and he was now listlessly reclining, permitting his bark to float as it pleased, while he plucked the rose-colored lilies and white starlike weeds on which the moonlight shone.

"Thus," he mused, "we permit ourselves to be acted upon by the accidents of life! Thus we seat ourselves in the frail bark of existence, and we are wafted hither and thither at the mercy of an inconstant world, gathering worthless pleasures, thrown aside as soon as gained. Happy he who avoids the wide ocean, and can be content with a calm still lake like this on which to trust himself—alone, untempted, out of the reach of danger, and passing his brief span in reflection and adoration."

A musical voice interrupted him, and his name echoed through the shades, and was borne to him upon the waters; he smiled.

"Even here," he said, "I am not secure; this is my sister's voice—what if—"

He did not finish the sentence, for his unexpected guests came to the side of the lake, and he was called upon to give them welcome and admittance.

"We are pilgrims," said the Countess, "and no good hermit ever turned wanderers from his door. You have deserted us and we come as supplicants; either give us entertainment, or return and share that we offer you. All the gay people whom you dread are departed, and steadiness and sobriety alone await you."

It was after some little persuasion of this nature that Marc the recluse was induced to quit his retreat, and accompany the party back to the chateau. Days and weeks glided on and saw him no more floating on the rude boat on the quiet lake of the abbey: he might instead of this be observed in the gardens and groves of the castle—in the glens and by the streams of the beautiful country round, but never alone: a gay and happy party were with him, and the gentle and lovely Felise was always by his side.

The time passed on in a dream of enjoyment; the tranquil pleasure of the present hour was all that occupied their attention, and the future was entirely lost sight of. It was only when the Count de Varax returned home that the deceitful vision of happiness was dispelled. The Count saw with consternation and displeasure the state of affairs, for he discovered at a glance that the young churchman was forgetting his duties and losing his affections beyond recall.

All his plans would be frustrated should Marc be induced to abandon the career pointed out to him: his interest could secure high church preferment; but as the family was not rich, no other offered similar advantages. It was highly important that the excellent opportunities within his power should be embraced. He had never contemplated his brother's change of opinion, and severe was his mortification to find all his schemes about to be destroyed.

He questioned Marc on the subject, who frankly confessed his attachment to the beautiful Felise, and declared his intention of giving up the ecclesiastical profession. De Varax was thunderstruck, and resolved to break off the dangerous connexion at all hazards: he wrote immediately to the mother of Felise, and unceremoniously declared his objections to the alliance, stating that it was his intention to oppose it, should proposals be made by his brother. The pride of Madame de Tournon was instantly roused, and without for a moment considering the feelings of the lovers, she sent a peremptory order for the return of her daughter without delay.

Like a sudden whirlwind in the midst of summer scenes, where but a moment before all was bright and sparkling,

the command fell upon them, and withered their short-lived happiness at once.

It was true that the announcement of the Count to Madame de Tournon had been premature: no positive declaration of love had passed between Marc and Felise, but it was as evident to each as it had been to others that they were mutually attached. It was impossible to mistake the sympathy which existed between them—in their walks, their rides, the secret had been told a thousand times without words.

They were strolling together in a favorite grove of limes, and had paused on the borders of a small lake to watch, as it appeared, the gambols of the silver-scaled denizens of the waters: both were leaning over the low parapet, twined with fragrant shrubs which surrounded the spot, and both were enjoying the calm bliss of feeling they were in the presence of a beloved object: their eyes met—and the gentle pressure of Marc's hand was almost imperceptibly returned by Felise. At this moment Philibert approached with a letter which he gave to the blushing girl. She took it, and hastily glancing at the address, saw it was her mother's hand-writing; she turned pale—an intuitive feeling told her some evil threatened her. She opened it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:

"You will return home instantly. I have despatched this by a messenger who has orders to arrange every thing for your journey: meantime, I positively forbid you to receive the addresses of Marc de Rye, and insist on your quitting your sister's abode for mine without delay or useless explanations. It is my will that you act thus; I disapprove of your late conduct and expect submissive obedience."

Marc caught her in his arms as she was falling to the ground, and that moment put an end to all concealment: he called her by the tenderest names, expressed his affection, and entreated to know the cause of her agitation. Terrified, distressed, and scarcely conscious of her actions, the unfortunate Felise wept in silence: her mother's commands, of which she stood in the greatest awe, prevented her from venturing an explanation, and the affectionate words which rose to her lips, her timidity and distress suppressed.

She was conducted to the chateau, where she found her sister in great grief and alarm: an angry scene had taken place between her and her husband, and she had been reproached and reprimanded for her imprudence: her mother had also laid on her her commands, so that Felise was deprived of all hope of the possibility of an interview with Marc. She was hurried away as speedily as preparations could be made, and amidst the tears and regrets of her sister she departed, leaving her lover in a state of mind difficult to describe.

Madame de Varax had been enjoined by her husband to conceal the truth, and a frivolous excuse was assigned for the abrupt departure of her sister which was far from satisfying either Marc or the astonished Philibert. The latter was soon after recalled to his regiment, and his brother was left alone, a prey to doubts and fears of the most harassing description.

Having urged the Count in vain to afford him some clue to the mystery of their sudden separation, he became indignant at his apparent coldness, and entered into an animated description of his own feelings for Felise, and his hopes that they were returned. He proclaimed his intention of renouncing the church at once, and proceeding without delay to make his proposals in form to Madame de Tournon. The Count heard him with feigned surprise, and then replied that he had not contemplated his seriously entertaining such views.

"When you told me of your admiration for my fair sister-in-law," said he, "I did not imagine it would cause you to act with so little prudence. You are inexperienced in the ways of the world and little know the person by whom you have allowed yourself to be deceived. Felise," he added, smiling, "though one of the most charming of those about the court of the Queen of Navarre, is not less than the rest a coquette. Since I must tell you the truth, she is celebrated for her skill in gaining unwary hearts, and in the present case she has, it appears, succeeded, perhaps to her own detri-



ment; she is not the less, however, to be blamed, as she has long been engaged to another, and though I am desired not to name the fact, the cause of her recal is that the marriage is now in preparation."

Marc turned pale as he exclaimed, "Can this be possible? have I indeed deceived myself?"

"Could you suppose, my dear brother," resumed the Count, "that one of the beauties of the court would really bestow her regards on a recluse like you; that she would quit all her adorers and come to Burgundy to find a lover in these shades? Except to amuse her vanity, she would never have regarded you at all, depend upon it."

Mortified at the cool, contemptuous tone of his brother, Marc strove to suppress his angry emotions. Much more passed between them, and when to his impassioned letter to Felise, and his respectful proposal to her mother, he received no answers, he became by degrees convinced that he was in the wrong, and that she he had so much loved was indeed unworthy of him. Much to the Count's vexation, and in spite of all his representations to the contrary, Marc persisted in his determination to renounce a religious life: he felt, he said, that his vocation was not towards it; and the chain of ideas thus forcibly destroyed, could not be renewed. Argument and reproach were in vain, and De Varax saw him depart to join his brother Philibert in Flanders, with extreme disappointment and vexation.

It was a few months after this period that Marguerite of Navarre, wearied with her irksome confinement in Paris after the escape of her husband to join the Huguenot party, sought to avoid the tyranny of her brother, Henry III., and the jealous watchfulness of her mother, Catharine de Medicis. With this view she feigned or encouraged a languor, which induced her physicians to prescribe for her the waters of Spa, and thither it was agreed she should go, accompanied by a numerous suite of ladies, and her usual magnificent retinue.

Passports were obtained from Don Juan of Austria, to enable her to pass through the Spanish dominions in Flanders, and at every town where she appeared, her beauty, affability, and the regal splendor of her appearance, won all hearts, and procured her the admiration of every beholder.

Madame de Touroon as one of her ladies of honor was of the party, and with her, by the Queen's especial desire, she brought the melancholy Felise, to whom Marguerite was sincerely attached, and to whom she had confided the secret of her love, and explained the cause of her mother's harshness and unkindness which rendered her life perfectly miserable. The Queen entreated her to be comforted, for that she would exert all her interest in her favor, and employ all her credit with the two families, in order to bring about the desired result; it was therefore with renewed hope, that Felise set forth with her on her journey. She had heard that Marc had entirely renounced the church, and though she imagined that he had made no attempt to address her, his letter having been intercepted by her mother, nor to send her tidings of himself, she clung to the hope that he loved her still as faithfully as she was attached to him. That he had joined his brother she also knew, and it was with a beating heart that she thought of the probability of their meeting again.

In the train of the young Queen was one who had long hopelessly loved Felise, and who had attached himself to her service with a devotion seldom equalled. He did not venture to speak of his regard to her, for he had long since divined her secret, but with generous tenderness contented himself with endeavoring to promote her happiness, without seeking his own; and he followed her steps only because he could not live out of her presence, and existed but to minister to her wishes. He little imagined that he should be one of the causes of her misfortunes, and was far from conceiving that his conduct had been misrepresented by the Count de Varax to the detriment of his mistress.

Nothing, however, had been spared by the Count to persuade Marc of the frivolity and heartlessness of Felise.—Light stories of the Queen of Navarre and her ladies were circulated by the enemies of that calumniated princess, representing her and her friends in the worst light, and all the

innocent gaiety and cheerfulness which enlivened her court was made the vehicle of slander, as undeserved as it was destructive.

Marc, who heard these tales constantly from the young officers amongst whom he now lived, who thoughtlessly recounted what they had no reason to believe was true, merely from idleness and the love of detraction common to men of fashion, became irritated and indignant, and resolved to meet the object of his former fondness without betraying any emotion. He had schooled himself at last into the feigned indifference he tried to feel, and when at Namur, they met at a ball given to the Queen and her ladies, he put in practice the lesson he had learnt.

Philibert showed towards her all the friendship and cordiality which he had formerly professed, nor did she find him changed in any thing. Shocked and astonished at the alteration in his brother's feelings, which the latter had never explained, he strove by every means in his power to restore them to each other; but the sight of Bussiere, her devoted though humble adorer, and the homage which he saw everywhere paid to her beauty, so blinded Marc with jealousy, that he turned with apparent anger and disgust from the praises lavished on her by his brother.

One morning as he was passing through the grand square, he saw at the door of the convent of the canonesses the carriages of Marguerite and her ladies, who were attending a high mass celebrated in the Spanish style, by order of Don Juan, with the finest music and most exquisite voices. A fete was to succeed this ceremony, to be given on the river Meuse, on a neighboring island. When the party left the church they were conducted to their litters and coaches by Don Juan, and a number of gay cavaliers, all of whom were talking and laughing with great animation. These carriages were of peculiar form, and very remarkable at that period, not having been long in use. They held each six or eight ladies. Just as they were driving off, a group of young men, dressed in the highest fashion, and full of boldness and spirits, approached, and entreated to be taken in. An altercation ensued, and the lively Marguerite, making room for several, desired her ladies to take compassion on the others. Amidst much laughter and protesting they complied; but in that which contained Felise there was no room. Two or three laughing girls disputed the entrance of the beseeching gallants, some of whom leaping on the low capacious steps of the ponderous vehicle, held on, as it whirled away, as well as they could. All was gaiety and merriment, and Marc saw with mortification that Felise joined in the momentary amusement, and did not turn from the compliments which he doubted not the young fops were paying her.

"Idiot that I am," said he, "to try thus to deceive myself! I will see her this day at the festivities which so much delight her—will show her that I despise and condemn her lightness, and will then fly from her presence for ever."

Accordingly he appeared amongst those who accompanied the Queen in the boats which, to the sound of flutes and hautbois, carried them down the river Meuse on their way to Liege, and made one of the guests at the charming fete champetre which the gallant Don Juan had prepared on the wooded island which he had made a little paradise for the day.

All the beauties and dignitaries of Flanders were at this entertainment, and no one was more distinguished for gaiety, grace and spirit than Marc de Rye. The Queen greatly admired and conversed with him, and from his manner she felt convinced that in a short time she should be able to effect the desired end. She was not aware, as Felise was, of his cold regards to her, of his studied indifference, his marked neglect, and, more than all, of the expression he ventured to give of the change in his feelings. He had been requested to sing, his voice being considered very fine, and having taken a lute he seated himself near her, and with peculiar meaning and emphasis sang the following words:—

Yes! thou art chang'd since first we met;  
But 'tis not that thy cheek has faded,  
Nor years like mine of vain regret  
The lustre of thine eyes have shaded.

Around thee linger fondly still

Each charm that lured my soul of yore,—  
Thy form's pure grace, thy tones soft thrill;—  
'Tis that we meet, and love no more!

Yes! thou art changed; what tongue had dared  
To tell me once what time has proved thee?  
Have I in vain thy sorrow shared,  
In pain, in hopeless absence loved thee?  
Like shells that through the waves look bright,  
But cold and dull are cast on shore,  
My dream has lost its fairy light,  
And now we meet—and love no more!

The heart of Felise died within her as she listened, and she felt too certainly that she was indeed no longer loved. She detected not the evident struggle with affection, apparent in the words of the song; the reproach, the accusation, the abandonment, was all she was aware of, and she resigned herself to despair.

That evening the moon rose majestically over the waves of the clear river, reflecting a thousand rays, as the royal barges approached, destined to receive the fair party whose journey was to be continued in the cool night to some further distance. Marc stood aloof and saw them all embark, Felise the last. She had lingered behind, not without a hope that he would yet relent, and not allow her to depart, perhaps for ever, without one kind look, one word of ancient fondness; but he moved not—his eyes were fixed on vacancy—he appeared not to observe her, and as she stepped on board he turned his back and left the shore.

The hand of Bussieres assisted her into the boat; she took her seat and they pushed off into the stream. Suddenly the Queen was startled by a cry, long, loud and piercing, and turning towards the spot where Felise sat, beheld her in the bright moonlight, pale, motionless, her lips apart, her eyes fixed, one of her hands hanging powerless by her side, the other pressed to her heart. In terrified haste she called to Madame de Tournon, who was immediately at her daughter's side, and clasped her in her arms only to discover that she was cold and inanimate.

With that cry her heart had broken, and when the gay party arrived at Liege the beautiful Felise was lifted out—a corpse!

When Marc de Rye turned away and hastened to his own boat which was to bear him back to Namur, he felt that he had left behind his happiness forever. He bade the rowers exert their speed, and his little bark cut through the waves gallantly. The moonlight, the clear wave, the motion of the stars, all brought back to him the memory of the first time he had beheld Felise.

"How could I love her thus?" he exclaimed, "or how could she be false!"

At that moment he was startled by a long, piercing wail, which seemed to float on the waters, and rung in his ears like a death-knell. He reached the town and springing on shore hurried from the river, but scarcely had he set his foot upon the shore when his mind became suddenly opened to new feelings; a flood of light poured in upon his brain—a terror seized him—an undefined dread, and amidst all an agonized conviction that he had wronged his beloved.

Unable to sleep or rest, he rose at daybreak the next day, and ordering his horses to be saddled, resolved to follow the impulse which led him to Liege, where he was determined to behold Felise, explain to her his fears and doubts, excuse his apparent coldness, entreat her forgiveness and assure her of his devotion. Given up entirely to the impetuous movement which guided him, he did not pause on his way, but rode on for hours without stopping either to refresh himself or to consider what he was doing. At length he arrived at Liege, and was riding swiftly down the principal street which leads to the great church, when he was obliged to halt in consequence of the approach of a funeral procession. So great was the concourse of people accompanying it, that he was forced to draw his horse on one side, and wait till it should have passed him.

He observed that the bier was borne by four gentlemen, one of whom was Bussieres, his rival. All these mourners

wore the colors and arms of Margurite of Navarre, and he shuddered as he remarked that the coffin was covered with a white pall, on which were strewn chaplets of flowers.

In a faltering voice he inquired of a bystander whose was the funeral procession.

"It is a sad business," answered the man to whom he had addressed himself. "The Queen of Navarre is but just arrived, and she has the melancholy task of consigning to the grave the body of one of her favorite ladies, who died suddenly on board the boat as they left Namur."

"Who—who was she?" gasped de Rye.

"Mademoiselle Felise de Tournon," was the answer.

Marc uttered a cry of anguish, and fell from his horse to the ground.

He was borne to the palace assigned to the Queen of Navarre, and during a long and dangerous malady, during which his reason was entirely obscured, he was attended with care by one whom he knew not, but who, though a stranger, watched him with a brother's love, and shared the toil of nursing him with Philibert. This was no other than Bussieres.

He recovered at last, but his gaiety and happiness were gone; nevertheless he did not retire to a convent, as was anticipated, nor did he shut himself up from the world. He was a gloomy and unhappy man; but he lived on, married to please his family, and rose to high rank in the army; nor did he die till advanced age had, with his memory and intellect, effaced the recollections of his early love.

From Tait's Magazine for April.

## The Cost of a Reputation.

### A PARABLE.

"No, no, the postchaise is at the door; it is too late," cried I to my mother and sisters,—I will not say how many years ago,—when about to set out for Sedan, bearing urgent letters of recommendation to the Duc de C., who was enjoying his ministerial holidays at a country-seat in that neighborhood. "You cannot surely have expected, my dear mother, that, at twenty years of age, I should sit down tamely contented with ———"

"Twenty thousand livres per annum, a cheerful happy home, with the best hunting, shooting, fishing, and prettiest sisters in the provinces," interrupted the youngest of the girls. "Bernard! Bernard!—think twice before you sacrifice the happiness of such a destiny to idle dreams of vain ambition."

"Think of your poor cousin Henrietta, who loves you so dearly," remonstrated another of my sisters.

"Think of the example shown you by the best of fathers," added my mother in a graver voice.

"My dear mother,—my dear girls," cried I, respectfully kissing the hand of the former, as I prepared to take my leave,—"You should have spoken thus earnestly two months ago, before I addressed my first letter of solicitation to the Duc de C. Great men and great ministers are not to be trifled with. My visit has been announced, and I must go. Some day or other you will rejoice that I had courage to tear myself from among you, and create for the honor of the family a reputation destined to ennoble the obscure patronymic of my fathers. In youth we owe ourselves to the world, in order that, in later years, the world may repay the loan with its esteem. The public distinctions, essential to my happiness, once achieved, I will return straight to the chateau, marry my cousin Henrietta, and remain happy and contented among you for the remainder of my days."

"But why not be happy and contented now?" still pleaded the three girls.

"In inglorious obscurity?—never! You will be twice as proud of me, my dear little girls, when, four years hence, I return with epaulettes on my shoulders,—a gay colonel from Versailles!"

"But if you should be killed in battle in the interim, my good brother?" pleaded my little favorite Ann.

I muttered something about "glory,"—"renown,"—



"fame,"—the usual claptraps of the occasion,—kissed them hasily all round; and, to avoid further importunity, jumped into the carriage. There was no arguing with their shrewd good sense and strong affection.

A day or two afterwards I was at Sedan, a garrison town, where I was not sorry to obtain some insight into the pleasures and habits of a military life, previous to taking the first step in my career. Already I foresaw a tremendous crown of laurels impending over my head. The exigencies of war were just then direfully active. In half a dozen years I might be a general officer,—in a dozen more, perhaps, a field marshal! So, at least, I assured myself, every time my servant touched his hat, addressing me by the ignominious title "Monsieur le Chevalier." Even Henrietta almost ceased to occupy a place in my memory, so warmly were my hopes engrossed by my brilliant prospects.

The fortifications of Sedan, the roll of its drums, the martial air of its very citizens, who cock their hats in the street, as much as to say to strangers visiting the town, "We are the countrymen of Turenne!"—did not tend to refrigerate my military ardor. I hated to find myself nothing in the eyes of the garrison. "Some day or other," said I to myself, "these people shall become familiar with my name." To be famous was the height of my ambition.

I supped that night with the mess of a regiment of cuirassiers quartered at Sedan, with one of the young officers of which I had a family connexion. Among young fellows of one age it soon transpired that I was on my road to the chateau of the Duc de D., that I was forthwith to accompany him to Versailles, where he was to present me to the king, and take care of my promotion; and so unanimous were my companions in congratulating me upon my great good fortune, and predicting that, in a few years, I should be at the head of a regiment, that I felt prouder than ever of having found courage to extricate myself from the peaceful ignominy of a country life, and the arms of my pretty cousin Henrietta.

I ventured to inquire the road to the residence of the Duc de C., for which I was to set out early in the morning.

"Any one will show you the way," cried one of the officers,— "It is the famous chateau where Field-marshal Fabert breathed his last; and one of the finest places in the neighborhood."

"Fine as it is, however," added another, "I know plenty of provincials who would not set foot in it to command the interest at Court of the Duc de C.!"

"Or even the good fortune of Marshal Fabert!" added another. Then finding me insufficiently versed in the feats and triumphs of the said marshal, they proceeded to relate the eventful history of one, who, from a printer's boy, had risen to the highest military rank in Europe;—eventually refusing, from the hands of Louis XIV., letters-patent of nobility, and the insignia of the order of the Holy Ghost.

"In Fabert's life-time," observed one of the officers, "his rapid rise, and unexampled successes, gave grounds to a popular belief, that he was indebted to magic for his unvarying good fortune."

"Nay, to this day," added another, "the peasants expressly point out the tower in which the general held his colloquies with the Evil One."

"Colloquies?" retorted a third; "did you never hear the story of the general's death-bed? The demon to whom he had pledged his soul is said to have made his appearance at the chateau during the last moments of Fabert, disappearing at the very instant of his decease."

"Carrying off, of course, in his Satanic pouch," added his comrade, with a hearty laugh, "the forfeited soul of the brave soldier who had outlived so many battles!"

"Laugh, and welcome, my dear fellow, remonstrated one of the younger officers; "but I can tell you that scarcely a farmer in the district of Sedan but firmly believes that every month of May, about the anniversary of Fabert's decease, the general's black man, (as they familiarly denominate his Satanic Majesty,) reappears at the chateau!"

"I congratulate you, my dear sir," rejoined the more sceptical of the set. "If you remain long enough the inmate of

the Duc de C., you may hope to enjoy the excitement of an adventure."

A thousand idle jests resulted from this sportive hint; but though I joined heartily in the merriment of the mess-table, I confess it was not without a certain uneasy sensation that, through the misty rain of a spring morning, I descried the turrets of the chateau of the Duc de C. the following day. I tried to make myself believe that awe at approaching the presence of a man so honored with the friendship of His Majesty, was the sole cause of my nervous tremor. But in spite of my better reason, the idea of Marshal Fabert's Black Man was not without its influence. The chateau was surrounded with vast forests, while a cheerless looking lake extended its dingy mirror in the foreground. Nothing inviting in its aspect! My mind was, however, too full of castles in the air, to admit of dwelling long upon the ominous features of the place.

On presenting myself at the gates of the old Gothic manor-house, I was courteously welcomed; but the groom of the chambers informed me, it might be some hours before I received an audience of the Duke, who had slept the preceding night at a neighboring country-seat. Refreshments were offered me; and I was installed in a sort of old armory on the ground floor, on the walls of which a few curious military trophies were interspersed with boars' heads, stags' heads, and all the modern attributes of the chase. There were also certain old family portraits, which, at the close of a couple of hours, I began to think remarkably disagreeable companions.

Scarcely had I come to this conclusion, when a pannel of the wainscot slid gently aside, and a human head suddenly intruded into the room; of which, independent of its singular mode of apparition, the aspect was sufficiently appalling,—the features being wasted, the complexion cadaverous, and the coal-black hair wild and shaggy. Still there was something so strikingly intellectual in the face, that it was impossible not to feel interested, rather than terrified.

"What are you doing here?" inquired a deep, but tremulous voice, issuing from the almost livid lips of the intruder.

"Waiting for the Duc de C.," replied I, with as much self-possession as I could manage to assume.

"And do you fancy that you are the only person waiting for him?" rejoined the stranger. "But the hour will come!—his, and thine, and mine! The fatal hour will come.—Behold! the watcher watcheth for evermore! The forests of the earth are green, and the skies of heaven are blue; but there is a worm that never dies, and a fire that is never quenched. The fatal hour is at hand! This very night, and I shall have ceased to exist!"

God forgive me!—but there was something in this announcement not altogether disagreeable. I was far from sorry to hear my singular visiter avow himself to be a mere mortal, subject to the penalty of vulgar clay. And as he had now passed the threshold, and entered the armory, I perceived that, though wild in aspect, he was, after all, a well-dressed young man, about thirty years of age, apparently laboring under the consequences of severe indisposition or severe affliction.

"If you are waiting for the Duc de C., come into my room, where you will be better accommodated than here," said he, probably discerning in my countenance tokens of sympathy in his condition; and I accordingly followed him through the secret door, which he closed carefully after us, into a small secluded suite of rooms, of which he did the honors with the ease and politeness of a man of the world.

Having taken a seat by my side, and struggled for some minutes with his emotions, as if striving to recover strength and coherency for further explanations, he thanked me for my frank confidence in his good intentions.

"You are entitled," said he, "to a full explanation of the strange circumstances under which we have met. Grant me your patience a while. By the time I have related my dreadful history, the Duke will probably be at liberty to receive you."

"I was born, sir, an inmate of this chateau—the young-

est of three brothers; to the eldest of whom were apportioned the wealth and honors of the House of C. Nothing remained for me but the wretched insignificance of churchmanship. I was destined to become an Abbe, dependent for preferment upon ministerial patronage. But with the blood and name of my heroic ancestors, I inherited their lofty ambitions! Glory was my idol. Earnest purposes of shining in the world already fermented in my bosom. I was resolved to make myself heard of, or to be heard of no more. So absorbed was my soul by this overpowering yearning after distinction, that the pleasures of life became indifferent. I lived only in the future. The present was comparatively of small account.

"Yet such was the clash and brilliancy of contemporaneous celebrities,—such an influx of literary and military glory diffused its radiance on every side,—that I attained my thirtieth year without accomplishing my end. I was still the obscure denizen of our family estates,—totally eclipsed by the poets, statesmen, and warriors of the day. I was in despair. At certain moments of profound despondency, suicide presented itself as my sole refuge from my bitter consciousness of insignificance. The purport of my life seemed frustrated. To what end an existence so obscure, so colorless as mine?"

"I was alone in my family.—My elder brothers were already distinguished in the world. My only confidant at home was an old negro, attached from time immemorial to the house of C. I say from time immemorial, advisedly; for so little was recollected of his first connexion with the family, that many people pretended he had been originally seen in this chateau at the moment of the decease of Field-marshal Fabert."

I could not altogether repress a start of surprise at this announcement. My companion inquired what was the matter; but it was not for me to refer to the singular intelligence I had received the preceding evening from my friends the cuirassiers.

"One day," resumed he, "when more than usually overpowered by the dispiriting sense of my own nothingness, I exclaimed aloud, 'I would sacrifice ten years of my life to accomplish a first rate literary reputation!'"

"Ten years is a large amount to pay for such a trifle!" observed Iago, who happened to be in attendance upon me,—smiling as he spoke, till his two glaring rows of white teeth became frightfully apparent.

"Large—but not more than it is worth," I persisted. "I say again, that I would thankfully give ten years to become a popular author."

"Done!" replied the negro, with his wonted sang froid—(for he was the coolest fellow I ever beheld.) "I accept your ten years. In return, know that your wish is already half accomplished."

"You may conjecture my astonishment at hearing him propose this singular engagement. But conceive my surprise when, a few days afterwards, I learned by the post, that a work of mine transmitted to Paris the preceding year for publication, had actually been crowned by the Academy! My pledge was scarcely given, and I was already a person of note!"

"I flew to the capital—and was received on all sides with open arms. The most distinguished men of the day were proud to make my acquaintance. Their praises, their examples, their counsels, encouraged my enthusiasm, as well as perfected my taste. Every successive work that emanated from my pen, was pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. I had assumed a supposititious name, in order to distinguish myself from my brothers; and scarcely a newspaper in which it was not twenty times repeated! My works were translated into every European language. My books were in every hand. It was only yesterday, sir, that you yourself—but no matter."

My feelings were, by this time, painfully excited. Into whose presence had I thus singularly intruded? Who was this mysterious stranger? Was it Diderot?—Marmontel?—D'Alembert?—Voltaire? I began to regard my companion with a degree of respect, exceeding even my previous compassion.

"To a spirit so ardently constituted as mine," resumed he, after a heavy sigh, "even this excess of literary honor soon became insufficient for happiness. I said to myself after all—what is there either manly, what is there ennobling in all this waste of pens and ink! The occupations of the demigods, ere earth was peopled with mere mortals, was conquest. Military renown is the only glory worth achieving. To be a great general, to become the leader of an army, were well worth the sacrifice of ten years of one's existence."

"You continue to bid high," cried Iago, who was still in my service. "But once more I accept your terms. Ten years and you shall become a hero!"

My countenance, I conclude, now began to evince tokens of incredulity; for the stranger suddenly exclaimed, "You do not believe me? Would that I too could be incredulous! For I swear to you by all that is holiest in the universe, from the moment when, on the faith of this mysterious compact, I entered the army, I had only to plan expeditions, to have them crowned with success beyond my most sanguine expectations. History is at hand to confirm my asseverations. My name was again an assumed one; but there was no illusion in the provinces it was my fate to attach to the sovereignty of France; in the fortresses which ceded to my besiegement—in the redoubts which I carried—in the banners which I brought back to the feet of my king. These, at least, were real; and these still survive to attest all I have been!"

The stranger was now pacing the room with impetuous footsteps; and as I contemplated his movements, I could not forbear exclaiming to myself, "Who on earth have I before me? Is it Coigny?—is it Richelieu?—or can it be Marshal Saxe *in propria persona*?"

After striding backwards and forwards in silence for some moments, he suddenly threw himself anew into the seat by my side.

"Iago assured me, during the intoxication of my military triumphs," he resumed, "that I should soon become disgusted with the fickle breath of popular applause. 'Sooner or later,' pleaded the negro, 'you will begin to understand that nothing is really important that has not a real value. The positive—the tangible, is the one thing needful.' And he was so far justified in his prognostications, that I actually made him a tender of five additional years, on condition of obtaining the command over enormous riches."

"And he fulfilled his part of the compact?" cried I, with a scarcely repressed smile of incredulity.

"With gold—jewels—houses—lands—all—all that passes with mankind under the name of wealth, did he endow me," cried my companion, clasping his hands with frantic emotion. "Nay, when I rose this very morning, all these were still my own. I was rich—I was great—I was powerful! I said now to my soul, take thine ease! I was happy—I had no fears—no anxieties. If you doubt my word, inquire of Iago. Iago will be here presently, and confirm all I have related."

I shuddered at these wild assertions, for there was something terribly real in the air of horror with which he rushed to a time-piece on the chimney-piece, and anxiously ascertained the hour.

"This morning, when I opened my eyes," he resumed, addressing me in a portentous whisper, "I found myself so weak and dispirited, that I hastily summoned my *valet de chambre* to my assistance. Merciful Powers! It was Iago who appeared in his place! My soul sank within me as he accosted me."

"Yet his appearance, you say, was ever the precursor of triumph and good fortune," said I, "desirous to tranquillize the agitation of the invalid."

"I asked him the cause of my sudden illness," continued he, "I told him that only last night I retired to rest in perfect health!"

"It is not sickness—it is death!" replied the negro, with his usual frightful grin, "Surely you are prepared?"

"For death?—at my age?" cried I, gasping for breath.

"It is not my fault if you have been too much absorbed in your personal vanities to take heed of the lapse of time," replied the negro, with a bitter sneer. "Providence accord—"



ed you, as the term of your natural life, exactly threescore years. You were thirty when we first entered into our engagements."

"Iago," cried I, anticipating the horrible announcement that was to follow.

"And during the five ensuing years," he continued, with his usual facetious insolence, "you expended in speculations an extra allowance of five and twenty. You have consequently lived out your sixty years. You will find me tolerably correct in my arithmetic; for know, that every moment subtracted from *your* life, is added to my own; and I, at least, recognize the value of human existence!"

"Such, then, was the motive of your pretended zeal!" cried I with indignation.

"Greater men than yourself have shown themselves more grateful," coolly rejoined the negro: "Fabert, for instance, who was one of my proteges, paid me a somewhat higher price for his reputation."

"Iniquitous monster!" cried I, "You have deceived me,—defrauded me."

"Nay, nay,—you have only cheated yourself!" replied Iago. "Count upon your fingers, and you will find me exact in my balance. Thirty-five years of real existence, and twenty-five expended in procuring the means of distinction; total of the whole, sixty! Admit that you have lived your day. Prepare for immediate dissolution."

"He was about to leave the room, when I rushed towards him, and clung to his garments."

"Only one more day!" cried I; "only, only one!"

"Not half a one," he coolly replied. "Reflect, that I am the loser of every minute's grace you obtain! Your time is over."

"An hour—a single hour!" I persisted—feeling the powers of life weakening and weakening as I spoke.

"Hark ye!" cried the negro, pretending to be softened by my earnestness—"You have hitherto negotiated with me like a gentleman; and liberal treatment is due to you in return. What will you give for two hours of the life you now appear to value so highly?"

"Anything—every thing!" I exclaimed; for already I felt my blood stagnating in my veins, and the dews of death rising on my forehead. "Willingly will I sacrifice all the fame I have achieved. Take my gold—my lands. Life—life!—I only ask for the breath of life!"

"You only ask for that of which you have been so prodigal!" cried the negro, with a horrible chuckle. "But see how tender-hearted I am growing. I accept your offer.—Live till evening! But remember you have nothing further here or hereafter to offer as a bribe. At sunset, therefore, be prepared for the worst!"

"So saying he left me!" continued the stranger wildly. "He left me, and when we meet again I must resign myself to death—must cease to enjoy the breath of Spring—the harmonies of nature—the joys of life and love! Behold!" he continued, dragging me to the window and pointing to a group of ragged peasants traversing the Park—these people will be inhaling the pure breezes—will be sunned under the glowing orb of Heaven—*while, for me, all will be at an end!* And to have sacrificed five and twenty years of such blessings—such pure and delicious enjoyments—for the vain acquirement of an uncertain renown; to be praised by those I know not, those whom I care not to know! Oh! what a price have I paid for that which is in itself valueless! What prodigality! What waste! But why lose the few moments allotted me in idle murmurs! Let me rather enjoy, for the last time, the glorious spectacle of triumphant nature!"

So saying, he threw open the windows opening towards the park, and rushing forth, took his way towards the plantations. While watching his precipitate departure, I found myself touched upon the shoulder; and, on turning round, found a grave middle-aged man, wearing the insignia of the St. Esprit, standing beside me. I had no difficulty in recognizing the Duc de C.

"I have a thousand apologies to offer you, Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "for the inadvertence of my servants in leaving you exposed to an interview with my unfortunate brother; whose mental infirmities are the cause of his seclu-

sion in this retired chateau, and of my annual visit to the place. It was to consult a physician, celebrated for his skillful treatment of lunatics, who is on a visit in this neighborhood, that I last night absented myself from home. I have now, however, the satisfaction of bidding you welcome; and to-morrow we will take our departure for Versailles. All that my friendship or recommendations can ensure, towards forwarding your advancement in life, depend upon! The enthusiastic ambition of military distinction expressed in the letters I have had the pleasure of receiving from you, excites my earnest interest in your behalf. To such views the times are highly favorable. Rapid advancement awaits you. In the course of ten years, or so——"

"Ten years, Monsieur le Duc?" was my involuntary ejaculation; "ten years subtracted from the sum total of life!—Pardon me!—Within these walls I have received a lesson more valuable than even the patronage you thus generously promise. To-morrow, instead of proceeding to Versailles, I retrace my steps homewards! Accept my grateful thanks—my humble apologies. Fame has lost its charm in my estimation; since I have learned to recognise the value of human life, and the costs of ambition!"

"This is my brother's doing!" cried the Duke, but more in sorrow than in anger. "The singular delusions of his monomania, have already more than once sufficed to deter young aspirants of my acquaintance from embracing a public career. But is it possible that you will allow the hallucinations of a lunatic to influence you in a step so momentous?"

"Wisdom is a thing of too precious a quality, Monsieur le Duc," replied I, "to admit of our being over-fastidious in examining its origin. All we have to do is, to accept such lessons, and be thankful."

The Duc de C. was perhaps not sorry to be thus easily rid of one of the numerous candidates for his interest at court: for, after a night's hospitality, he suffered me to return home without further remonstrance.

Happy journey—auspicious return! I felt that I could not travel too rapidly; for I was returning to the bosom of my family—the arms of Henrietta.

The following May, I had nothing to dread from the apparition of the black man. Already I was a contented country gentleman: a happy husband and father! The price of fame had inspired me with a due appreciation of the value of human life.

**SINGULAR BOAT FOR THE NIGER EXPEDITION.**—There is now constructing in the boat-house of Woolwich dock-yard a boat of a singular appearance, being formed similar to some of the shallow creels used for carrying fish in seaport towns. The boat is about 20 feet long and 10 feet broad, and about 2½ feet deep, and yet it is so light that it is capable of being carried any distance on the shoulders of four men. It is formed of thin stripes of wood, about two inches broad, and woven together exactly in the same way as Indian matting, and it is intended to cover the outside with water-proof canvass. The purpose for which it will be used is to cross shallow creeks and rivers, and from its size it appears capable of carrying thirty men. It will be placed above the life-boat on board the steam-vessel when not in use, and will answer as an excellent protection to it from the meridian rays of the sun in the tropical climate to which the expedition is bound.

**STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN CALCUTTA AND SUEZ.**—The *Times* states that the East India Company have offered to grant the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, a premium of £20,000 a year for five years, to commence as soon as the first of the Steam Company's vessels of 1,600 tons and 500 horse power, shall be put on the line between Calcutta and Suez: with the further stipulation that within one year from the date of the first voyage an addition shall be made for the service of that line of two vessels of equal power. This grant is independent of any contract for the conveyance of the mail on the route mentioned, that may subsequently be entered into; only that it is to merge into any such contract as may be concluded in the course of the five years in which the premium or gratuity is to operate.

# THE NORMANDY MAID.

A BALLAD—SUNG BY MRS. SUTTON AND MISS POOLE, IN THE MUSICAL ROMANCE OF  
"BLANCHE OF JERSEY"—THE MUSIC BY JOHN BARNETT.

ALLEGRETTO GIOCOLO.

I once a Nor-mandy Maid, Whose Sire was a tes-ty old elf, And always was  
knew who

great-ly a - fruid, That the Maiden choose for her - self! So he kept her quite under con-  
would



Ad lib A tempo.

trol, By means of a good lock and key; And I saw her one evening, soul, Look

down her lat-tice on me: And I saw her one evening, poor soul, Look

down her lat-tice on me.

SECOND VERSE.

With iron her lattice was barred,  
 And to none could she utter a word,  
 And I thought it was wond'rously hard,  
 That a maid should be cag'd like a bird,  
 So at night, when sleep conquer'd her sire,  
 I flew with a step light and free,  
 And I said, should the house be on fire,  
 Sweet maiden come downward to me.  
 And I said, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

And the branches I burnt, and the smoke  
 By the wind to the house was convey'd,  
 Then cried fire till the father awoke,  
 And let out the poor trembling maid;  
 He was very near dead with affright,  
 Tho' nor flame nor spark could he see,  
 And the maiden ran down with delight,  
 To the spark that had just set her free.  
 And the maiden ran, &c.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

So—it is June—and one month more completes the half year since this new enterprise, the Dollar Magazine was commenced. Verily is our Maga a precocious child, for with that short period over its head, it is one of the most popular and well-received monthlies in the list. In saying this, we base our opinion upon the publishers' report of sales and subscriptions, and upon the notices which fall under our eye from contemporaries of the press, to whom, and for which, we are suitably grateful.

"Old men for counsel—young men for war." So tradition says that Romulus said. We have little faith in the authenticity of the speeches and sayings attributed to warriors and monarchs of old by historians; but the above, whether Romulus said it or not, is true to all experience, nevertheless. It has an interest at this point of time, from the fact, or tradition, that May was appointed for the meeting of the old men, and JUNE for the assembling of the young. Hence, say some authorities, comes the name of the month. Others give its origin to Juno, and others trace it to Junius Brutus; but the first is the best, as having the best moral to it.

In furtherance of the reform necessary to adapt the world to increased light—in the transmission of the rays of that light itself, the art of Printing has done wonders. Printing was something beyond Roman knowledge; and of course the machinery of Roman society compared with ours, was inefficient and imperfect. Nor need we confine our remarks to one nation alone, of all antiquity. The boasted virtues of ancient citizens were often displayed in the furtherance of enterprises, in obedience to demagogues, who would have been held in small esteem, had the lynx eye of the Press detected, and the thousand arms of the Press circulated correct opinions upon their actual views.

The Press gives the community not only the counsel of old men, but the suggestions of the young. The sudden resolutions of public meetings, made at the suggestion of popular and winning orators are thus avoided; for long before any measure of moment can be decided upon, or even placed directly before the people, it must run the gauntlet of the Press. Its influence is second to none in the world; its authority is superior to all government. Allied with government, it makes it invincible—opposed, it renders it impotent.

In these latter days, thanks to the progress of civilization, and the Christianizing and humanizing influences of education and of the arts, there are other and prominent duties in a nation beside war. Our young and old men are not now, as in Rome, divided into two classes distinguished for their experience in the arts of war, and their physical ability to conduct it. Still, now as then, the more active duties of society belong to the juniors. In how many things have we the advantage of those nations whom the hand of time has consecrated as little less than perfect!

We hear a vast deal of Roman virtue; and fall into a sort of unquestioning reverence for the ancient. In this, injustice is done to ourselves. Roman virtue would answer for heathen Rome—for a Christian nation, and for a world changed and improved in its whole aspect, we want something more merciful, more practical, and more Christian.

The direct influence and importance of religious and po-

litical argument, and of history, and the influence carried by the narrative of current facts are admitted. But, in the apportionment to the different branches of literature of their importance, we have sometimes thought that injustice is done to BELLES-LETTRES. In a magazine like this, the main object of which is to cull the most valuable gems of periodical literature afloat, it may not be amiss to defend this branch of literature, from the censure cast upon it, both directly and by implication.

In administering medicine to the body, no one objects to disguising it, either in confections, or as a "gilded pill." No impropriety is discovered, imagined, or alleged in this. The object of all literature is to influence character and conduct. No man whose work is worth reading, writes without an aim. While, therefore, we select works whose aim is good, shall it be objected to us that we offer moral lessons disguised as attractive fictions; or that the DOLLAR MAGAZINE, if not a gilded, is a plated pill?

If it be not irreverent to mention his name in such a connexion, it may be observed that the SAVIOR spoke in parables. He found all the moral lessons of the East conveyed in the same way, and to this day, amid all the changes of empires, and mutations of time, the parable and the traditional story form the medium of instruction.

Human nature is every where the same, in its great features. Europe and America are no less taught by fiction, in the forms of romance and poetry, than the East. A natural mental appetite exists for such food; and if not gratified by good aliment, it will seek gratification in bad.

To minister to this want a healthy satisfaction is the aim of the DOLLAR MAGAZINE. In its prosecution we shall, as heretofore, leave unattempted no attraction, in literature, music, and embellishment. We have already alluded to our success in the past, and a bright future woos us to continue our unremitting exertion to make the magazine a desired and valued visitor to the fire side; and so to preserve its moral tone and influence, that not only shall no exception be taken, but that the praise of the judicious shall be awarded to us.

The present number will be found more than ordinarily rich in embellishments. The engravings which we present, from designs by Chapman, we can conscientiously quote as among the best ever given in a periodical. The music we trust will be equally acceptable; and if our readers will take the past as our earnest for the future, we shall be happy to reciprocate the confidence.

LONGEVITY OF THE O'CONNELL'S.—At a recent gathering of the "Irishmen in London," O'Connell, in commenting upon an article in *Blackwood*, which stated triumphantly that "O'Connell had only three years' more work in him," exclaimed, amidst much laughter—"Why, the last year of my generation connected with my family who immediately preceded me was 99 when he died, and he had good work in him till he was 93, and 11 of my grandmother's children—God be merciful to her, she had 22—lived to 96—(Cheers.) I think therefore, I have reason to reckon upon more than three years against the Tory scoundrels. However, if my time is to be short, is not that a reason why I should work the harder? Here I am now, on Sunday, the 7th of March, in the middle of London arguing for Ireland, and on Sunday the 14th, I am to be on the Curragh of Kildare with 100,000 Irishmen. That is the way I work out my three years—by doing more work in a week than other fellows would do in a year." (Cheers.)